VOL. CCXVI, No. 2815

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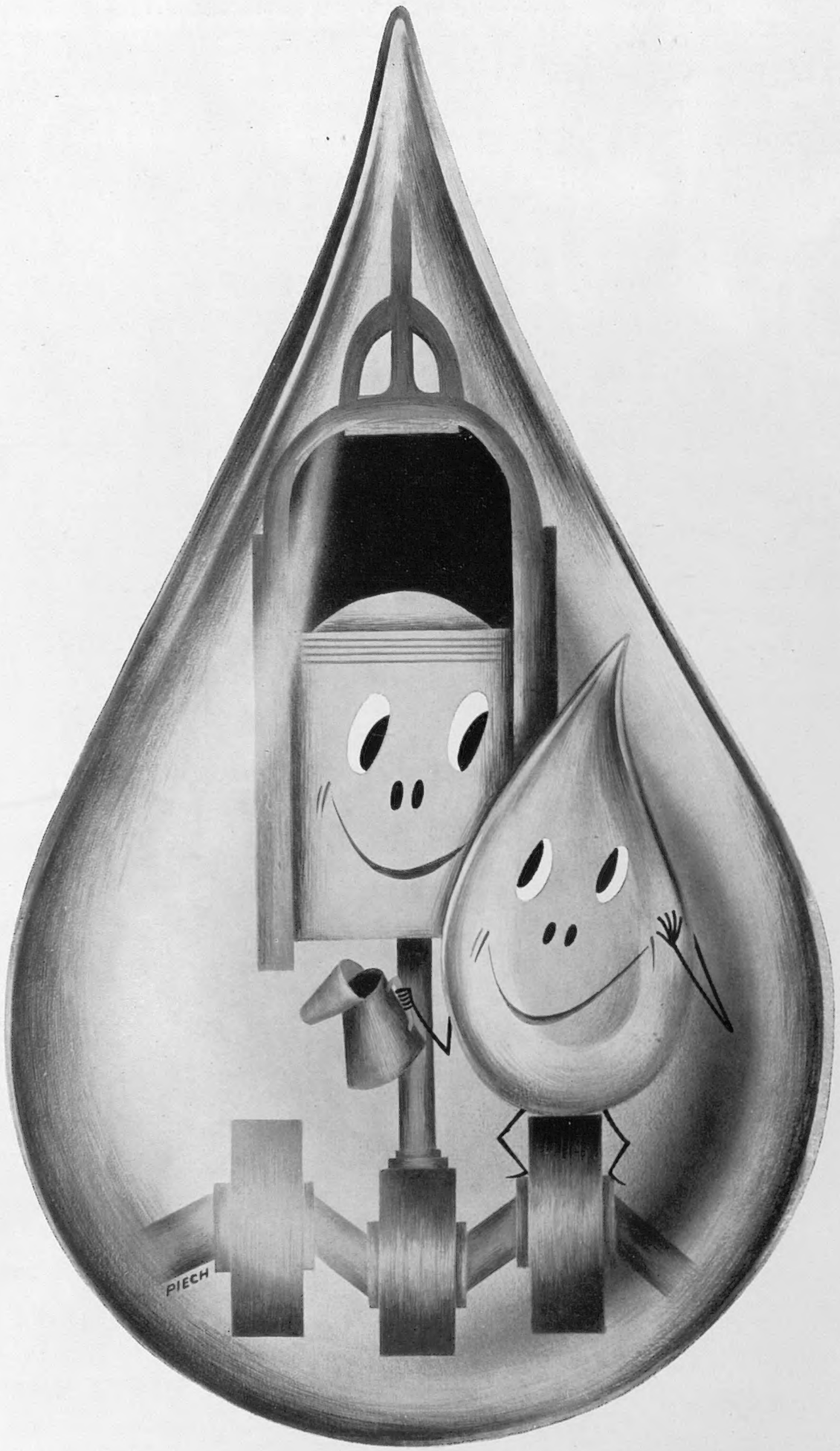

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Volume CCXVI No. 2815

The SPHERE, London, January 23, 1954

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

IN THE PATH OF THE AVALANCHES—THE DESTRUCTION OF A SWISS VILLAGE DURING A WEEK OF DISASTER IN THE SWISS AND AUSTRIAN ALPS: The small village of Jaun, in the Canton of Fribourg, where a giant avalanche wiped out twenty-nine houses. Fortunately, the inhabitants had fled their homes at the first warning, so that not a single casualty occurred. Nearly 200 people, however, were killed in the unprecedented avalanches which occurred in Switzerland and Austria.

Extremely heavy snowfalls accompanied by warm winds resulted in the worst avalanche disasters within living memory. The greatest loss of life was incurred in the Grosse Walser Valley of Vorarlberg, in Upper Austria. Here over 130 people were killed when five villages were buried under the snow. In the Bernese Oberland, too, there are many dead, and throughout Austria and Switzerland communications were disrupted and considerable damage was done. Tremendous rescue operations were undertaken in both countries, often at great personal risk to the volunteers, for the avalanches continued for several days. All means, including helicopters, were employed to go to the aid of those still buried; and an impressive scene was enacted at the Austrian border, when a German rescue party was admitted across the frontier without going through Customs or passport formalities.

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FIRST DAY OF A HONEYMOON

THE RUNAWAY GOLDSMITHS IN PARIS : The stir caused by the elopement of Isabel Patino, daughter of a Bolivian multi-millionaire, to Scotland with Mr. James Goldsmith, died hard. After the newly-weds had reached Paris, reporters and photographers stationed themselves outside their hotel all day for the first glimpse of the young couple. Later, the Goldsmiths left Paris to continue their honeymoon away from the glare of publicity—to a quiet place either in the French Alps or on the Riviera.

ISABEL GOLDSMITH MAKES THE NEWSREELS : The romantic marriage of Isabel Patino and James Goldsmith had been a front-page story in newspapers throughout the world.

THE BRIDEGROOM'S PARENTS LEAVE FOR PARIS : Mr. and Mrs. Frank Goldsmith left Cannes to greet their son and new daughter-in-law when they heard of their arrival in Paris.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION TO "THE SPHERE."

Orders for subscription to THE SPHERE *for dispatch to addresses at home and overseas can be sent direct to the Subscription Department,* THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2. The rates for 12 months, including Christmas Number, for Great Britain and Eire are £5 16s. 6d.; 6 months and Christmas Number, £3; 6 months without Christmas Number, £2 16s. 6d. For Canada the rates for the same periods are £5 14s., £2 19s. and £2 15s.; and for elsewhere Overseas £5 18s. 6d., £3 1s. 3d. and £2 17s. 6d. The terms are inclusive of postage.*

A London Newslette

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Comet Service.—For a short time, and as a very wise measure of precaution, the Comet services are grounded, pending report on the latest disaster. It is an investigation of anxious import for all concerned with commercial flying, and the public who fly may well ask whether perhaps we have moved too fast towards ever-increasing speeds at high altitudes, with ever-longer hops and ever-expanding machines. These disasters have come about too close together. The wrecks of earlier machines are still under examination and the public are still left guessing as to the causes. It is natural, therefore, that public anxiety should be awakened. The larger the machine, the greater the casualty list. The wreck of one monster passenger plane has more effect on the public than disasters to two-seater planes over many years. Nor do the statistics of safety in air travel, exact as they are, mitigate that anxiety. The loss of a monster airliner is on a par with a *Titanic* disaster and jolts humanity. And another feature increases the shock to the public in this latest tragedy—the deaths of so many children who travel by air not of their own free-will. An adult can make his own "decision not to fly." The child is led on board. We live dangerously in a dangerous age of new machines. But we have a far longer expectation of life than did our grandparents, who moved more leisurely on *terra firma*. Science gives us more than it takes from us on average. These public shocks are soon forgotten by all but the bereft. Nothing can halt progress in air travel, but the public should be given every detail of the findings on recent Comet disasters, and be enabled to decide for themselves and for their young children whether or no to-day travel by air in specified machines involves no greater risks than travel by rail.

Lord Simon.—The obituaries of eminent men on the morrow of their deaths are often curiously dissimilar on the point of character, while the facts and verdicts on their public offices are usually unanimous. In the case of Lord Simon, there was general unanimity on character and achievements. He was all intellect, he was unmoved by emotion, and could not understand moral passions. As a result, he was all his life a lonely man, who inspired no public affection and trust while fully earning respect for his probity and outstanding intellectual brilliance. As Foreign Secretary in times of acute anxiety, he was a disastrous failure. In high judicial office, set above personal passions, he was in his element, the cool, dispassionate interpreter of the law. It was inevitable that he would succeed in any function requiring forensic ability. A Home Secretary, one might suppose, must be humanitarian and judicial in equal proportion. Simon was a successful Home Secretary. Perhaps his lack of the common touch has been overdone. There have been a number of brilliant lawyers who have sacrificed the gentler qualities of their character to the overriding urge of cool, dispassionate judgment, compelling the separation of the essential evidence from the tangled skein of human passions and frailties. In his family life, Simon showed himself in a kindlier light, a devoted son above all. His devotion to his mother, whose memory he enshrined most charmingly, lasted the whole of her long life. No doubt in public life he was a lonely man, who seemed incapable of inspiring love or revealing sympathy, but his family and a few who knew him best may one day paint a warmer picture of a man who all his life sacrificed his heart to his brain in his public career.

Revised Challenge to Britain.—Margate's majority opinions have been embodied in a new edition of Labour's challenge. Naturally many of them imply the spending of millions which even now, after two years of efforts to balance a bankrupt Exchequer, must be found by direct taxation. Direct taxation has for too long been so high as to convince economists of all colours that it is a major evil not for the few, but for the economy of the nation. Nevertheless, the new challenge discovers a fruitful source from which to find the means to pay for the pledges to restore National Insurance benefits and to implement equal pay—umpteen millions a year. There are still "gross discrepancies in the present distribution of capital" and "over and above a certain (but undefined) minimum," a tax on such capital will be one of those means. Naturally the minimum is not defined. The man with £1,000,000 or £500,000 capital is obviously in the bag. The man with £20,000 is left to hope he may escape. An exact definition of minimum might lose some marginal votes. Undefined, a vast proportion of the electorate is safe from the threat and can enjoy the cutting up of the fat men. Well, there are some fat men, of course, besides those who carry their fat on their persons and pay no direct tax at all. But the fat men who "bank with Coutts" and cheque books are a fractional percentage, and are directly taxed already that £1,000,000 of capital yi them only the meagre income of £5,000 a year. We may fairly say that what these few capitalists annually towards balancing our Budgets by inc taxation is derived from a golden egg which is be preserved than poached.

New Look for "The Challenge."—Of course, the authors of that best-seller *The Chall* are not (and never were) a Labour Government, when they promise that a Labour Government do so and so, or unscramble this or that, it is promis things in the name of a body of men—a future Cab —the names of not a single member of which it forecast with assurance. The National Executive the Labour Party, it is true, is a powerful bo though not largely represented to-day from am the members of past Labour Cabinets. But Executive is no doubt very knowledgeable in working of marionettes and can pull shrewd str to make the puppets dance. But it is unwise to the strings and pose the puppets' arms and before the nature of the play and the opening date fixed. The play may be postponed for three or eig thirteen years, and things change rapidly in po and economics. Hot heads may be white heads be Labour rules again. Then it may be difficult to m the puppets move to a dance which is but Blind M Buff. Some of the hopeful among the Labour Pa expect to come in soon to put right the financial economic mess made by those Tories. If so be, a tyrannous parent who by his will compels his

A CHILDREN'S BALL IN THE HIGHLANDS

TWELFTH NIGHT CHILDREN'S BALL AT PERTH : The Perthshire Drag Hunt Pony Club combined to hold a children's Christmas Ball at the Salutation Hotel, Perth. In the centre, the Marchioness of Lansdowne is dancing with Colonel B. A. Innes. The children to the right of her are Miss Kirsty Drummond-Hay and Master Alastair Douglas-Hamil

A Means Test for M.P.s?—The taxp *feels* his burdens very keenly in the New Year w income-tax instalments fall due, and super-tax many obliquer forms of taxation. Accordingly cannot look forward to the now approaching on salaries for M.P.s. Of course, the investig committee is concerned with economic facts, not politics. Otherwise it would be influenced unde the present widespread demands for more pay by great unions. It might well argue among its mem "There is a case for a rise in M.P.s' salaries, bu could hardly recommend it at a time like this such a proposal must add fuel to the fire of a go asking for more." The Committee of Enquiry no doubt stuck rigidly to its brief and its term reference, and I do not doubt that in examining budgets of a cross-section of M.P.s it has found cases. But it would be difficult to persuade the p ass or taxpayer that all M.P.s go hungry or in privation from their parliamentary career. The on both sides of the House many men with incomes and considerable capitals, and the fact they are M.P.s may even advantage them economi no less than socially. It is always said that any of means test is an expensive and not always effe machinery in cases of doles and increments. It be so, but I confess that the thought of increasin 50 per cent. or less the "token" of £1,000 a year we pay to scores of M.P.s who enjoy incomes that large, is one that revolts me, and will, I hope, m more attractive to Parliament itself.

Eaton Hall.—It was no surprise to learn questions will be asked in Parliament about running and administration of Eaton Hall, within the past few weeks two cadets commi suicide. Suicide among students working at

pressure is not only a military problem. Oxford knows all about it and is taking all possible steps to eradicate it by closer investigation into its causes. But an Oxford college is not like a military school. Eaton Hall is one of two officer-training schools for National Servicemen. The sixteen-week course is certainly intensive, and something like 1,500 cadets are there annually turned into officers to join their units abroad, with very few rejections. Quite obviously the Eaton Hall training is far more rigorous than education at Oxford could ever be, and far more concreted to a single pattern. A university still caters for all sorts and still leaves much to the initiative of the student, to work or not to work, to pursue his bent in one direction or another. But military training of young officers is usually based on the lessons of the last war, and seeks intensively to turn out mass-produced finished articles of one pattern, the ideal perhaps of the Commandos of the last war, and that form of production may tend to treat the individual as a single form of raw material for shaping, and to take far too little note of the vital differences in character and even genius in individual youths. I am not prepared to believe that only one type can make a good officer, or that good officers can be made by only one process. Psychology has its part to play in devising the right type of training for each cadet or student in every profession. It takes all sorts to make an efficient army.

B.B.C. Uplift.—Man's right to knowledge, vaguely acknowledged over centuries, has recently been grandiloquently reaffirmed in the highest international quarters. Our own B.B.C. has for decades acknowledged and honestly tried to implement that right. The trouble is that so small a proportion of its millions of listeners reveals a desire to exercise its right in serious fields. The knowledge offered by the Reith lectures, for example, proved caviare to the general, and the last series a pretty tough nut to the specialist minority. As a rule, the B.B.C. has recognised that the bulk of its readers must learn to walk before they can start to run, and it has usually generously sugared the pill of learning. I dare say a listener with a remarkable memory, after listening for four years to "Twenty Questions" or "We Beg to Differ," could claim to have increased his knowledge and vocabulary. So, indeed, might the crossword addict. But it is patchwork and futile knowledge, small unimportant pieces collected from a gigantic jigsaw still without form and void. The planners of the Reith lectures recognised that this form of "reading without tears" is mere playing at school, and set out to give its millions a real chance to listen to expert studies of great subjects. And some of the speakers (notably Lord Russell) held quite a proportion of the vast audience. Others were less fortunate. They, I am sure, tried honestly to avoid "talking down." But they groped in vain for the common touch. Perhaps the time of day chosen was not apt, perhaps the Home Service is not appropriate at any time. But more likely, I think, the chosen speakers were too august for their kindergarten audience. A little more sugar should coat the pill. The most successful lecturers succeed with their sidelines, humanity and a sense of humour. I suggest with humility the choice of lesser fry for these great subjects. Mr. Schwartz on economics, A.P.H. on philology. And perhaps someone more like Sydney Smith on religion. Father Knox, for instance, or my old friend L. E. Jones (carefully edited). As for science, its big guns must go to school again and learn to express themselves in simple English before they can interest simple Englishmen.

"Nolo Baronetari."—Mr. Philip Waterlow has made a gesture which appeals to one whose bee-in-the-bonnet is the baronetage. He has decided not to assume the title of fourth baronet on the death of his father, and will not apply to be put on the roll of baronets. The editor of *Debrett* comments that Mr. Waterlow is trying to do the impossible. The heir to a title cannot resign or renounce it, for it is in a sense a property entailed on his own heir, who, if he decided to use it, would presumably become fifth, not fourth, baronet. Mr. Waterlow can, of course, refuse to use his title, as several baronets and peers in recent times have done. We are still free, also, to refuse hereditary titles offered to us, and scores of men have refused the offer of peerages and baronetcies since titles were invented. But not the *damnosa hereditas* of a title. The eldest son of a peer or baronet must in due course bear the burden of his inheritance, whether he like it or no, whether or no it wrecks a promising career in politics, or merely puts up his cost of living. So Mr. Waterlow has merely made a gesture and not resigned an inheritance. But his gesture has the approval of a very few who in these days of so-called democracy and equality regard the continued creation of baronetcies as illogical, stupid, reactionary and unnecessary. THE OLD STAGER

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

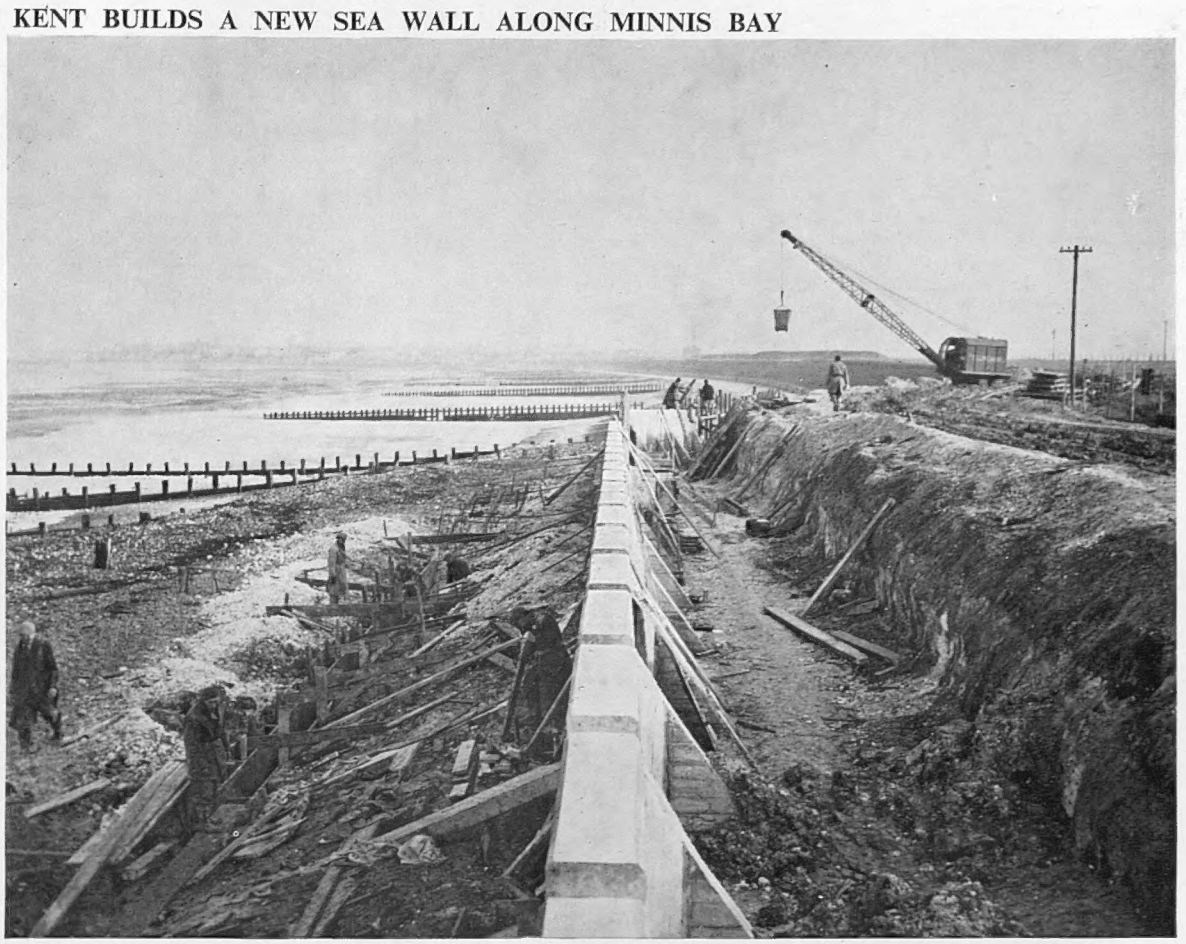
THE AMERICAN STEEL INDUSTRY

A Survey by Roy Jenkins, M.P.

WILD LIFE in the SWISS ALPS

By Seton Gordon

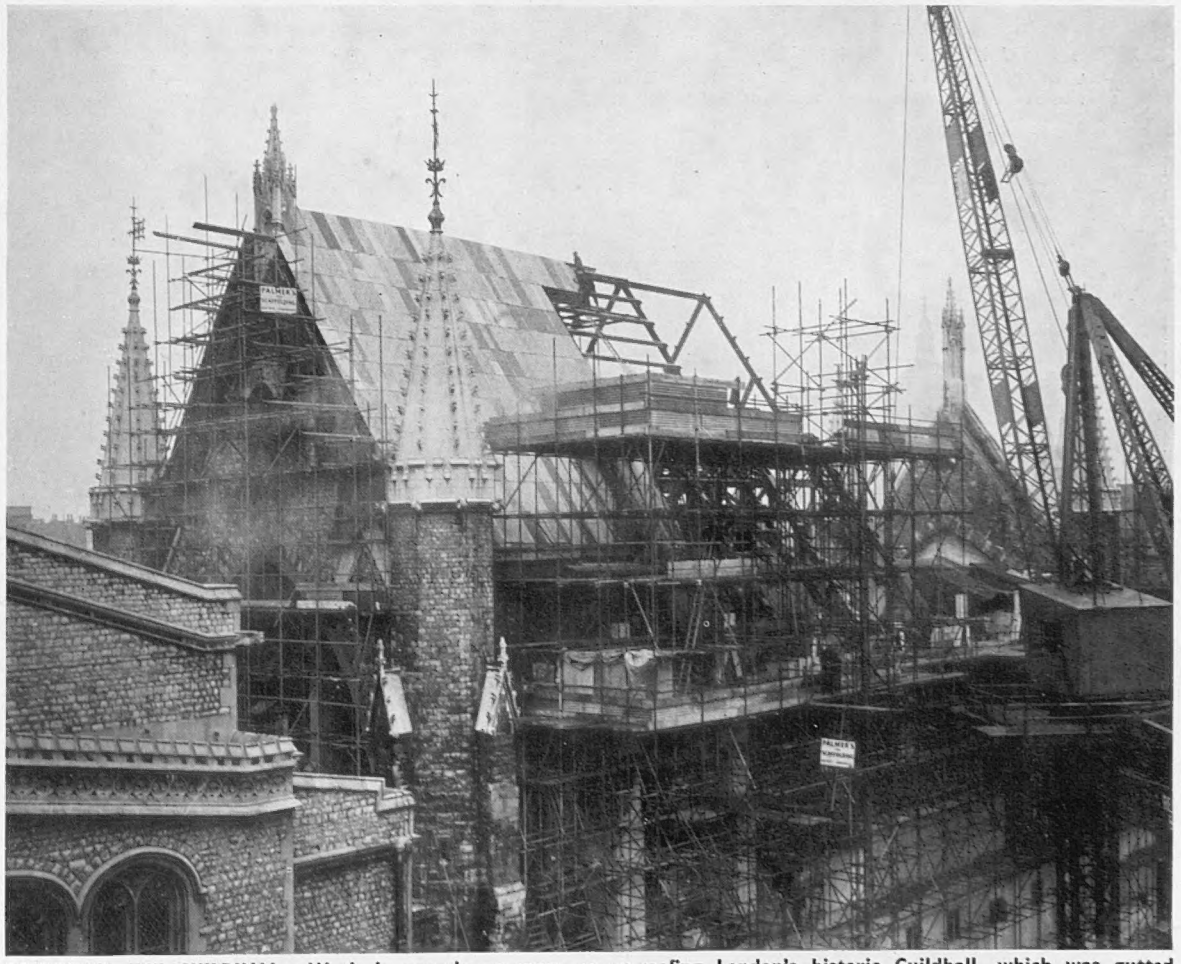
KENT BUILDS A NEW SEA WALL ALONG MINNIS BAY



SEA DEFENCE WORK IN PROGRESS AT MINNIS BAY, KENT: A new concrete sea wall is being built between Reculver and Birchington. Work has been started from both ends of the proposed wall and the gap between the two projects is gradually being closed in spite of the difficulties of moving heavy machinery and lorries on marshy ground. So far the temporary defences have held firm, but big stocks of sandbags are kept ready in case of an emergency.

The floods of last winter shocked local authorities on the East Coast at the inadequacy of their sea defences. Though such disastrous weather conditions had not occurred since the great storm of 1704, the authorities are making sure that their defences will stand up to the worst storms that Nature, in our so-called Temperate Zone, can hurl against our marshy East Coast. The very marshiness of it is a considerable handicap to heavy constructional work; machinery and vehicles are perpetually liable to get bogged down on the hastily-laid tracks and temporary roads leading to the site. But, between Birchington and Reculver, progress on the new concrete sea wall is steady. There are two gangs at work on it who have started from each end, the gap between their efforts gradually being narrowed. This area of coastal work also has a system of defence in depth; to the rear of the concrete wall a chalk wall, now consolidated and finished, has been built to protect the railway.

A NEW ARCHED ROOF FOR LONDON'S GUILDHALL

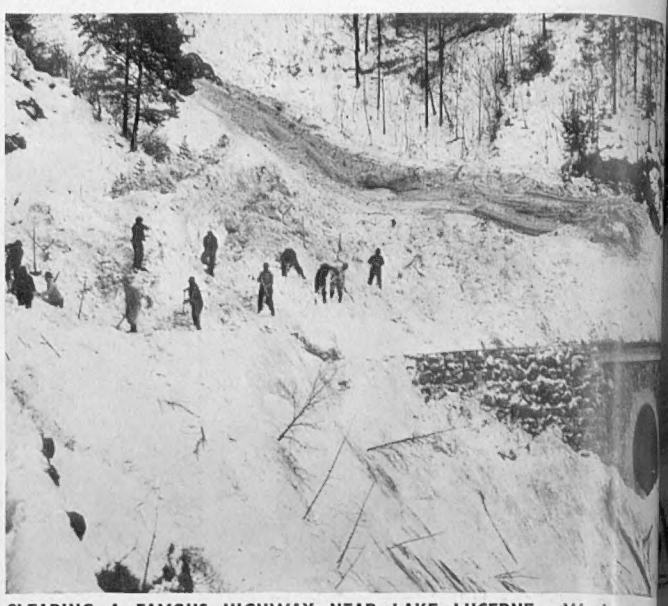


RE-ROOFING THE GUILDHALL: Work is now in progress on re-roofing London's historic Guildhall, which was gutted during an air raid in 1940. The old temporary roof of corrugated iron is being removed and seven steel trusses are being put in by crane to support the new roof. The steel trusses will later be covered in with stone, and are being designed as an upward continuation of the fluted columns inside the hall. Sir Giles Gilbert Scott, who is in charge of the restoration, believes that his new arched roof will be more like what the original architects had in mind than the hammerbeam roof (burned in 1940) which was put on in Victorian times. Nothing is known of the first building on the site of Guildhall, but Fabyan, in his *Chronicles*, refers to the erection in 1411 of Ye Guyld Halle of London—"a fayre and goodly house" being made of "an oylde and lytele cotage." Its original oak roof was badly damaged in the Great Fire, and a flat one, attributed to Wren, took its place. This in turn was replaced in 1864 by a hammerbeam roof. Hammerbeam roofs, however, were not built over columns, which convinces Sir Giles that the fifteenth-century architects wanted an arched roof such as he is now giving the Guildhall. Work on the roof started in November, and it is hoped that the restorations will be completed for the Lord Mayor's Banquet next November. The new interior woodwork of the hall was finished just before the Coronation, but there is still a considerable amount of stonework to be restored.

AVALANCHE

Nearly 200 People Lost their Lives in the Disasters ... Overtook Alpine Villages in Austria and Switzerland

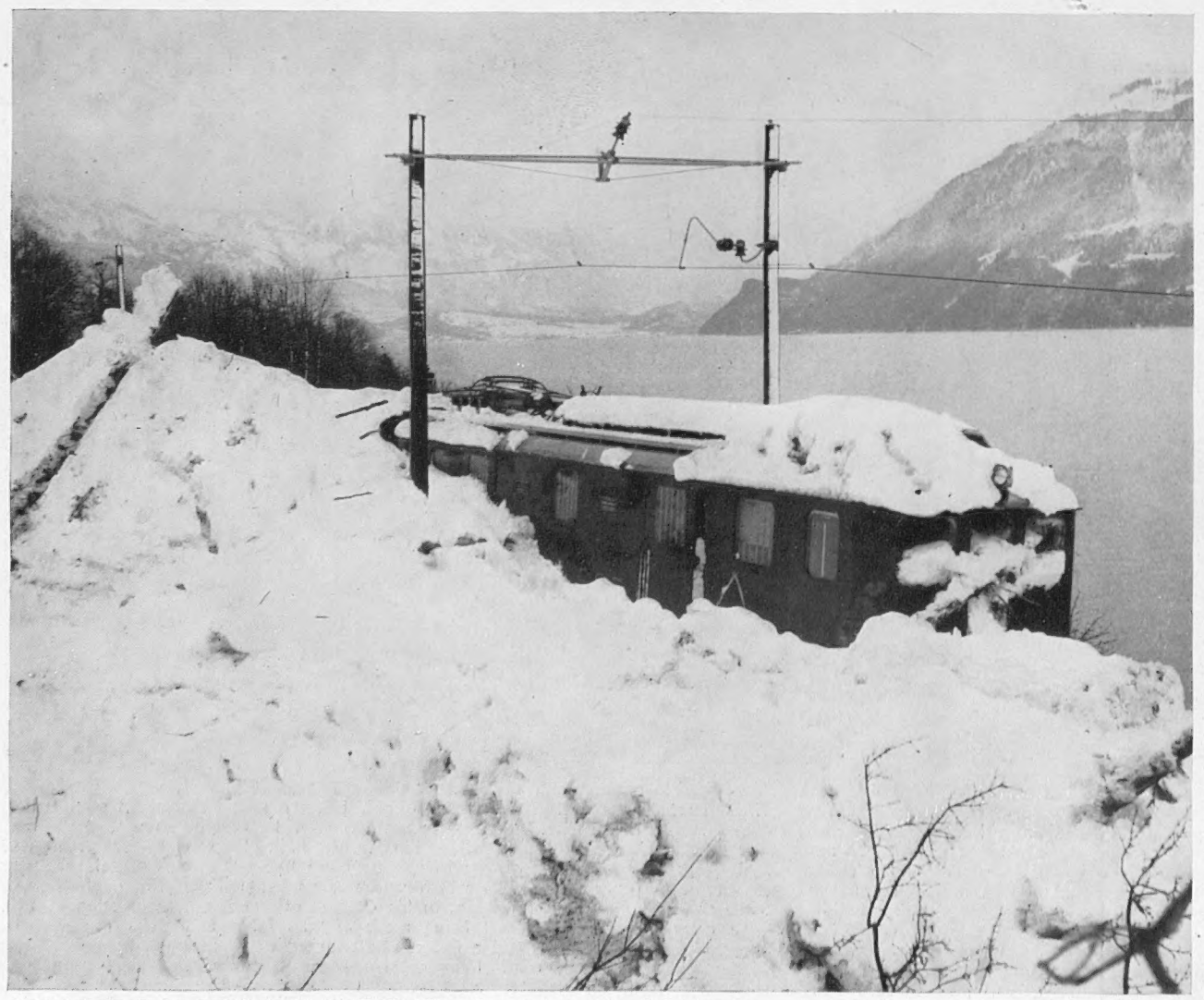
A RESCUE PARTY IN THE TRAGIC VILLAGE OF BLONS : An aerial view of rescuers digging their way through to the remains of houses in the Upper Austrian village, in the hope of finding survivors. Blons was the worst hit of five valley villages overcome by the great avalanches.



CLEARING A FAMOUS HIGHWAY NEAR LAKE LUCERNE : Workmen dig the Axenstrasse between Sisikon and Flüelen after an avalanche completely blocked it. The path of the avalanche can be seen immediately above the bridge. The lake-side Axenstrasse, in the heart of William Tell country, is mainly hewn out of rock.

It was one of the ironies of nature that a winter which had hardly begun at Christmas should bring immeasurable disaster to the villagers of the Swiss and Austrian Alps early in the New Year. The terrible avalanches which swept away villages, roads and railway lines took their greatest toll in Upper Austria. There, in the Walser Valley of Vorarlberg, five fairly big villages were carried away by a series of avalanches which descended on them over a period of three days. Houses, some of which were sheltering people injured in earlier avalanches, were crushed and swept into the valley's river. Families were buried for days under the great weight of snow, and rescue teams which worked unceasingly were often too late ... assistance. Nor did the avalanche ... end there. At Blons, one of the ... of the Vorarlberg villages, the ... volunteers were themselves at ... threatened with avalanches, and ... they were completely cut off.

In other parts of Austria, as ... Switzerland, the tale of destruc... disruption was similar. Roads ... ways were cut, and isolated ... villages were finding it difficult to ... contact with the outside world. ... number of dead and missing ... Austria and Switzerland, is expe... about 200, an unprecedented ... caused by a freak of nature.



A PASSENGER TRAIN DERAILED IN SWITZERLAND : The train on the Meiringen-Brienz line which ran into one of the avalanches on the right bank of Lake Brienz. The locomotive and the luggage van were derailed, but there were no casualties. While the line remained blocked, passengers travelling between Interlaken and Brienz were taken across the lake by steamer.

AGEDY IN THE STRIAN ALPS—ALL THAT REMAINS OF THE VILLAGE OF BLONS : The skis of rescue s is are seen parked in the foreground while the volunteer workers were going out t arch for the villagers trapped under the avalanches. On the right is a partly dem ed cheese dairy, and in the background can be seen the spire of Blons Church. Bl is one of the villages in the Walser Valley of Vorarlberg which were partially sw away by a series of avalanches in which over 130 people lost their lives. On ht—One of the many homes in Blons crushed by the avalanches.

SALVAGE AND RESCUE OPERATIONS IN THE SNOW : Two small boys salvaging furniture from a house in Blons which has been forced askew by the weight of the avalanche. *On left*—A rescue party probing in the snow for victims buried beneath. Some of the houses in Blons were swept completely into the overflowing River Lutz, which runs through the Walser Valley in Upper Austria.

NEW ZEALAND'S MOST IMPORTANT EVENT OF THE ROYAL TOUR : The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, arriving at Parliament House, Wellington, to open the fourth Session of the Dominion's thirtieth Parliament. For this special occasion, at the height of the tour in New Zealand's capital city, the Queen wore her Coronation gown embroidered with the emblem of every Commonwealth country, the blue ribbon and star of the Garter, a deep diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings. It was estimated that 10,000 people witnessed the Royal arrival at the Parliament buildings.

NEW ZEALAND'S GREAT ROYAL OCCASION

The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh at Her Side, Opens the Fourth Session of the Country's Thirtieth Parliament During Her Visit to Wellington

THE QUEEN BESTOWS THE ACCOLADE OF KNIGHTHOOD ON NEW ZEALAND'S CHIEF JUSTICE : Sir Harold Barrowclough was one of three knights to receive the accolade, the others being Sir John Ilott and Sir Bruce Levy. There were also 130 recipients of other awards. The Investiture was held in Wellington Town Hall at the end of a memorable day.

THE FIRST REIGNING SOVEREIGN TO OPEN ... ZEALAND PARLIAMENT : Her Majesty Qu... beth II seen seated on her Throne ... Chamber of the Upper House during the St... of Parliament. The Throne of cream ... upholstered in red damask, bore the Ro... and the fern, the emblem of New Zealand. ... chair was placed slightly back on the Qu...

The climax of the Royal tour of New Zealand ... at Wellington, the capital, when the Queen, ... her Coronation gown, opened the fourth Session of ... Parliament. It was the first time in the history of ... that the reigning Sovereign had opened Parliament. ... a happy coincidence that the occasion fell a ... before the centenary of the first Parliament in Ne... Once again there were great crowds assembled in ... streets to cheer the Queen and the Duke of Edinbu... drove by, and it was fortunate that the rain at the ... given way to brighter weather. Outside Parliament ... was a great ovation mingled with the fanfare, the ru... and the firing of saluting guns, but inside all was quiet ... preceding the Royal party into the Council Chamber, ... "Her Majesty the Queen." Another fanfare and ... entered, passing between rows of civic and other ... towards the steps to her Throne. The Queen ... "Pray be seated," were followed by the command ... to "summon the House of Representatives "—the ... lative body of the country's Parliament. When all ... Her Majesty began her speech by saying that she was ... of the community of spirit which existed among the ... of the Commonwealth and welcomed the ease with ... possible to travel from one part of the Commonwealth ... Within a few minutes the speech was finished with ... phrase, "I pray that the blessing of Almighty God ... your counsels," and the Queen withdrew from the ... face once more the tumultuous acclamation of the ...

DRIVE THROUGH THE RAIN TO ATTEND DIVINE SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S PRO-CATHEDRAL: Despite the inclement weather the Royal progress from Government House was witnessed by many people. Later the Queen laid the foundation-stone of Wellington's new cathedral, which will replace the present wooden structure. (Other Royal Tour pictures appear on pages 112–113.)

THE QUEEN LEADS HER NEW ZEALAND PEOPLE IN HOMAGE TO THE FALLEN OF TWO WORLD WARS: The laying of a wreath at the Wellington Citizens' War Memorial took place after a civic reception at the Town Hall. Later came a State luncheon at Parliament House, presided over by the Prime Minister, who said in his speech (repeating the words of a predecessor) "Where Britain goes, we go: where Britain stands, we stand."

M. COTY TAKES OVER

The New President of France is Installed in Office in Paris with all Ceremony

M. RENÉ COTY BECOMES PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC: The recently elected President signing the official act which installs him in office, in the Salle des Fêtes at the Elysée in Paris. The ceremony took place in the presence of more than 200 distinguished guests. Watching M. Coty are, left, General Paul Dassault, Chancellor of the Order of the Legion of Honour, and the Palace Chief of Protocol, M. André de la Chauviniere.

THE NEW PRESIDENT DRIVES IN STATE: A view of the President's procession as it passed over the Pont de la Concorde on its way to the Paris Town Hall from the Palace of the Elysée. In the background is the Place de la Concorde, and the leading horsemen are seen turning into the Quai d'Orsay, home of the French Foreign Office. The Presidential car, in which both M. Coty and his predecessor, M. Auriol, were seated, was accompanied by a mounted escort of the Garde Républicaine, in full dress. Earlier, during a brilliant ceremony at the Palais d'Elysée, which was televised, M. Auriol had handed over the Presidency of France to his successor. A twenty-one-gun salute was fired, and the new President set out to receive the congratulations of Paris. At the end of the day, M. Coty returned to his private home, and M. Auriol went back to his country house near Toulouse.

PARIS GREETS HER NEW PRESIDENT: M. Frederic Dupont, President of the Municipal Council, welcoming M. Coty on behalf of the City of Paris at a reception at the Hôtel de Ville. Behind M. Dupont, on left, sits the Prime Minister, M. Joseph Laniel.

M. COTY GOES HOME: Accompanied by M. Auriol, with arms outstretched, and M. Laniel, the new President walks to his new private home on the Ile de la Cité after the city welcome at the Paris Hôtel de Ville.

On left—

THE FIRST LADY OF FRANCE AT THE ELYSÉE: Madame Coty with her daughters and granddaughters at the great Palace before her husband was installed in the office of President.

"APPOINTED DAY" IN THE SUDAN

The Governor-General Proclaims Self-Government in Khartoum, and the New Council of Ministers Take the Oath of Office

SUDAN'S FIRST PREMIER AFTER BEING SWORN IN: Ismail el Azhari with the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, after the ceremony in Khartoum at which the new Prime Minister and his Cabinet took the oath of office. Mr. Azhari is leader of the National Unionist Party, which has a clear majority in the Sudanese House of Representatives, and whose policy is union with Egypt.

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL INAUGURATES SUDANESE SELF-GOVERNMENT: Sir Robert Howe addressing the Council of Ministers, some of whom are seen on right, in the Governor-General's Palace at Khartoum. Previously the new Ministers, together with the Judges, had taken the oath of office on the day appointed for the beginning of self-government.

January 9, 1954, was declared by the Governor-General to be the appointed day for the beginning of Sudanese self-government. It marked the beginning of a period, which is not to exceed three years, during which the Sudan will have to choose between full independence or maintaining a permanent link with Egypt.

The decree of the Governor-General, Sir Robert Howe, was proclaimed in Khartoum after the new Prime Minister, his Government, the Chief Justice and the Judges of the High Court had taken their oaths before him. The Prime Minister, the first in the history of the Sudan, is Ismail el Azhari, a former schoolmaster, who is leader of the National Unionist Party, which gained an overwhelming victory in the recent elections. His policy is pro-Egyptian, and the aim of his Government is to bring about the union of the Sudan with Egypt. One of the avowed tasks of the new administration will be to set in motion, together with an International Sudanization Committee, the process of replacing foreign officials, especially British Colonial Service officers, with Sudanese personnel.

The Sudanese Parliament will reassemble on March 1, and it has been decided by the new Cabinet to invite to the opening ceremony Sir Winston Churchill and General Neguib. Whether Sir Robert Howe will personally deliver the "Governor-General's Speech," as drafted by the Prime Minister, must remain doubtful in the light of the Government's current anti-British policy.

On left—

SIR ROBERT HOWE SIGNS THE DECLARATION OF SELF-GOVERNMENT: The Governor-General certifying that Sudan has become a self-governing state, while the Sudanese Prime Minister, in a dark suit behind the cameraman, looks on. Members of the Governor-General's Commission also witnessed the signing.

On right—

THE PRIME MINISTER TAKES THE OATH: Ismail el Azhari during the ceremony in Khartoum. The Prime Minister is a former schoolmaster.

THE NEW SPEAKER ARRIVES IN KHARTOUM: Sayed Babikr Awadalla being greeted by two officials on his arrival at Khartoum station. The new Speaker of the House of Representatives was formerly a District Judge. *On right*—The Governor-General handing the signed Declaration of Sudanese Self-Government to the Chief Justice for safe-keeping.

The Foreign News in Pictures

OPENING OF THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT

And a Survey of Other Recent Events Abroad

THE SPEECH FROM THE THRONE TO THE SWEDISH PARLIAMENT: King Gustaf Adolf reading his speech in the Hall of State in Stockholm, when he opened a new Session of the Swedish Riksdag. Standing on either side of the King in full uniform are Prince Bertil, left, and Prince Wilhelm. Below the steps of the throne are the Prime Minister, Mr. T. F. Erlander, on left, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. B. Ö. Undén. In his speech, the King announced that an increase in Air Force expenditure was proposed for next year, but that Army and Navy costs would be cut.

THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN ARRIVING FOR THE CERE Two bearers carrying the train of Queen I when she arrived at the Hall of State fo opening of Parliament in Stockholm. Previo solemn ceremony was held in the Chapel

THE TEMPORARY BRIDGE AT THE SCENE OF THE NEW ZEALAND RAILWAY DISASTER: **A goods train moving across the new bridge over the Whangaehu River at Tangiwai, where 155 people died when the Wellington-Auckland express crashed into the flooded river on Christmas Eve.** Soon after the bridge had been swept away, railway construction gangs were working day and night to replace it with a strong but temporary structure. A road bridge near by which had been destroyed was quickly replaced by a Bailey bridge, and within a week of the disaster the first passenger express trains were moving across the new railway bridge.

THE QUEEN OF DENMARK AT A FILM SHOW: Ingrid with General Erik C. V. Moeller, C of the Danish Army, and Mr. Robert D Coe, United States Ambassador to Den The Queen was attending a film show Officers' Club at Copenhagen. The film, *Serve Your Country*, is a publicity produ made for the Danish Women's Military it tells of the special training and the of the women's branch of the Danish

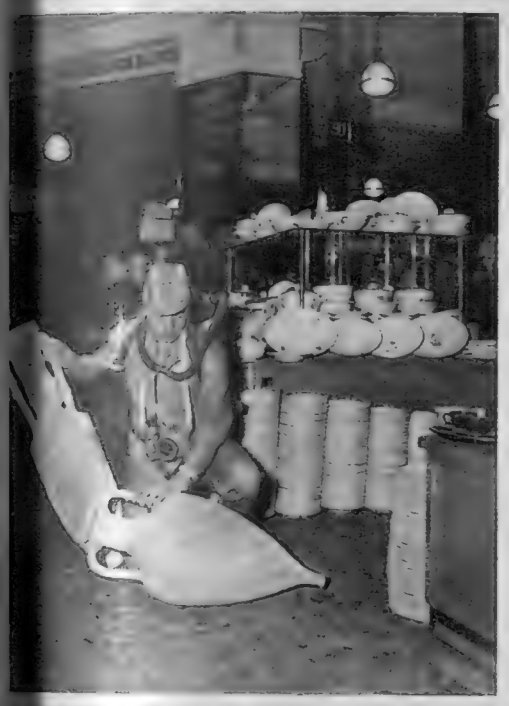
The Duke of Edinburgh attended the funeral of the unidentified victims of the Tangiwai railway disaster at the Karori Lawn Cemetery, Wellington. The final count of victims was 155, and of these twenty-one remained unidentified. At the funeral service the Duke laid a wreath inscribed "From Elizabeth R. and the Duke of Edinburgh." A few days later the Queen and members of the Royal Family were represented at a memorial service for the victims which was held in Westminster Abbey. Relatives of Britons who lost their lives in the disaster were among the congregation.

Meanwhile, Tangiwai gradually returned to normal. After a week of unceasing hard work, the wreckage of the train and the broken bridge over the Whangaehu River were cleared, and a temporary bridge was erected. And on New Year's Eve the Wellington to Auckland express once again resumed its normal route.

On right—

THE UNIDENTIFIED VICTIMS BURIED: **A view of the burial service held at Karori Lawn Cemetery, Wellington, for the twenty-one unidentified victims of the railway disaster. The funeral service was attended by the Duke of Edinburgh, who laid a wreath on behalf of the Queen and himself.**

PREPARING FOR THE CONFERENCE OF FOREIGN MINISTERS: The Commandants of the four Zones of Berlin meeting to decide on the choice of a site for next week's Big Four talks. They are, from left, General Pierre Manceaux-Deniau (France); Mr. S. A. Dengin (the Soviet delegate); Major-General Thomas S. Timbermann (United States), and Major-General C. F. C. Coleman (Great Britain). They found considerable difficulty in coming to an agreement.



On left—

TREASURES FROM THE VASTY DEEP IN A PARIS STORE: A frogman with two Greek amphorae which were recovered from a galley wrecked over 2,000 years ago off the island of Riou, near Marseilles. For several months divers from the ship *Calypso*, under the direction of Commandant Cousteau, have been working on the sunken vessel. Now the public are being given the opportunity of seeing the treasures in the crockery department of a Parisian store.

LIFE IN A CAIRO VILLA—EX-QUEEN NARRIMAN AT HOME: The former Queen of Egypt at ease in her home in Heliopolis, a fashionable suburb of Cairo. Princess Narriman, who is now separated from ex-King Farouk, is seeking alimony and a divorce from her husband. Negotiations between lawyers are in progress. In her villa, where she is living with her mother, the Princess helps with the household and takes art lessons.

M. HERRIOT HANDS OVER: The newly elected President of the French National Assembly, M. André le Troquer, shaking hands with his predecessor, M. Edouard Herriot. The new President was paying a courtesy visit to M. Herriot at his residential quarters in the Assembly building in Paris.

The election of M. André le Troquer to succeed M. Edouard Herriot as President of the French National Assembly has been received with mixed feelings. M. le Troquer was in some ways a natural choice, for he has been senior Vice-President of the Assembly for some years, and in the enforced illness of M. Herriot he presided over the drawn-out Presidential elections at Versailles with commendable calmness and restraint. Nobody, indeed, doubts that a politician with his fine record will make an excellent President. However, he is a Socialist, and his election was due to Communist support, and to support from Radicals and Gaullists, who were opposed to E.D.C. M. le Troquer is not an opponent of the European Defence Community, but he is not as outspoken a protagonist for it as the Right-Wing Government candidate for the presidency of the Assembly, M. Pfimlin, so that his election is regarded as a poor augury for the prospects of M. Laniel's Government.

On left—

THE NATIONAL ASSEMBLY ELECTS ITS NEW PRESIDENT: The voting urns are ready for the election of the new President of the French Assembly, at the Palais-Bourbon in Paris. Sitting at the rostrum above the urns at left is M. Cachin, one of the oldest members of the Assembly, who had just finished speaking. Three polls were necessary before M. André le Troquer, a Socialist, was elected. He gained a majority of 49 over his M.R.P. opponent, M. Pfimlin.

WHERE CAPTAIN COOK FIRST SET FOOT IN NEW ZEALAND : From the windswept Kaiti Hill the Queen gazes down on the panorama of Gisborne, one of the chief area farming country on the east coast of New Zealand. In this part of North Island the scenery is particularly pleasant. Although the wind at the time of the Roy was quite strong, the Queen asked many questions about the view. She was accompanied by the Mayor, Mr. H. H. Barker, and the Mayoress. Later there luncheon at the Masonic Hotel. It is from Gisborne, a town of some 21,000 people, that big cargoes of wool and meat are shipped to Britain.

The Royal Tour in New Zealand

BY AIR, TRAIN AND CAR THROUGH NORTH ISLA

THE QUEEN AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH VISIT THE EAST COAST, THEN TRAVEL ON TO NEW PLYMOUTH

ANOTHER DEMONSTRATION BY THE CHAMPION SHEEP-SHEARERS : The Bowen brothers being questioned by the Queen after their demonstration at Napier, another of the east coast towns visited by Her Majesty. Godfrey and Ivan Bowen also appeared before the Queen at Hamilton.

AN IMPORTANT INDUSTRY ON THE EAST COAST : The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh being round the factory of J. Wattie Canneries, Limited, during their stop at Hastings, Hawke's Bay. The Royal visitors were accompanied by Mr. J. Wattie. There was ceremonial drive through the town and a public welcome to Hastings' Civic

NE OF THE MANY "WHISTLE STOPS" ON THE JOURNEY TO NEW PLYMOUTH: The Queen and other members of the Royal party walking past the rows of ex-Servicemen after alighting from the rear carriage of the Royal train, the coaches of which are painted in scarlet and white. Towards the rear of the party is the Prime Minister, Mr. S. G. Holland, who, as Minister in Attendance, is accompanying the Queen on many of her journeys. After leaving Moose Lodge and Rotorua the Queen made a few air trips and then joined the Royal train at Hastings for the long journey, first to Palmerston North and then to New Plymouth, calling at many places en route.

NTRASTS BY DAY AND BY NIGHT: *Left*—The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh at her side, waves to the cheering crowds at Waipukurau after the Royal train had stopped at the station for a short ceremony, and, *on right*, arriving for a civic dinner at Palmerston North. This latter Royal occasion came at the end of a crowded day after visits to many wayside towns and stations. During the evening the Queen met Mr. G. W. Mumford, a former head shepherd at Sandringham.

SURVIVAL OF AN ANCIENT CRAFT

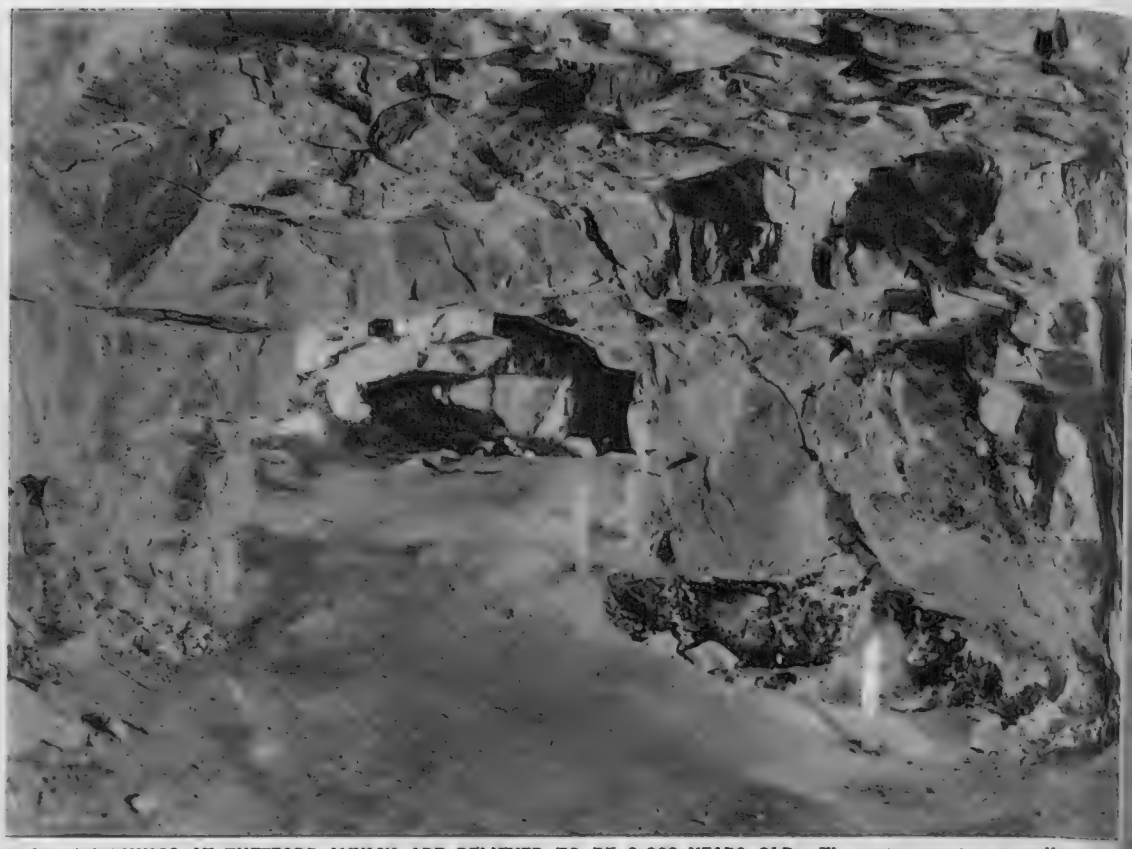
The Flint Knappers of East Anglia, Working Near the Prehistoric Grimes Graves, Carry on Britain's Oldest Rural Industry

A TRAVELLER crossing East Anglia from Ipswich to King's Lynn will notice, as he approaches the Norfolk border, that dressed flint has become a favourite building material for house and church walls. At Brandon, on the Suffolk boundary, there hangs an unusual inn sign, The Flint Knappers Arms.

Investigation, guided by the sound of chipping, will lead to a yard cluttered with piles of huge flint boulders, and other piles of broken stones and smaller chips. The tapping comes from a shed, built against a flint wall. Inside are stacks of barrels and casks, and in a further room, well-lit, are two men seated at small tables, surrounded by chipped flints. These are the flint knappers. They are following an occupation which is by far the oldest craft in the country, dating, in fact, from the Neolithic or even the Mesolithic Age.

Flint spear and arrow heads are no longer required; but there is still a brisk export demand for sharp-edged, squared flints for flint-lock guns in parts of Equatorial Africa, for the climate there is bad for cartridges.

Each knapper has in front of him a tray of flakes, many of them almost like perfect spear-heads. The thin flakes are translucent and the chippings can be used for glass-making. The flint for the gun is squared to about 1-in. in length and slightly shorter in width. One side is flat and the other side bevelled, to provide the sharp edge required.



FLINT WORKINGS AT THETFORD WHICH ARE BELIEVED TO BE 8,000 YEARS OLD: The entrance to a small tunnel at Grimes Graves, on Thetford Chase, in Norfolk. The height of the tunnel can be gauged from the size of the candles. These Graves are part of a network of flint pits extending over 30 acres, which are still preserved.

THE MODERN ENTRANCE TO GRIMES GRAVES: The cement roof, and the skylight and hatch, now provide protection and an entrance for the old flint workings. In the background are Thetford Heath and the green woods that surround it.

SQUARING WALL FLINTS: A flint knapper from Brandon, on the Suffolk boundary, engaged on one of the most skilled of his tasks. Wall flints are frequently used by local builders.

The tool used is a small, double-headed hammer, with a square filed edge at each end of the head. The knapper holds the flint with his left hand and taps it smartly with the hammer, turning the flint round and round until all four sides satisfy him.

The flint is mined from a vein of stones running through the chalk which lies underneath the sands of Breckland, in Western Norfolk. The best stone still comes from the neighbourhood of Weeting, a few miles north of Brandon, across the Little Ouse. In this parish are the famous Grimes Graves, where flints have been worked since 10,000 B.C.

These "Graves" are really pits—346 of them. Most are now no more than shallow depressions in the grass and thorn scrub, but some are 30 ft. deep. These prehistoric flint factories drew customers from a wide area in the Stone Age. The site is preserved as a stretch of open heath in the centre of Thetford Chase, amid the woods of pine plantations, edged with birch and poplar, with which the Forestry Commission has covered the wastes of Breckland.

The existence of these flint works was forgotten for many years. They were brought to light again in 1586 by the schoolmaster antiquary, William Camden, while on his travels round England, during Westminster School holidays. In his *Britannia* he calls the graves "ancient fortifications of unknown origin." Later they were said to be Danish works designed to conceal an army. The real antiquity and purpose of the pits was only discovered by late nineteenth-century excavation.

Before climbing down to see the pits and tunnels the visitor should examine the types of flints worked by early man: the flakes, cones of percussion, finished arrow and spear-heads, fish-hooks, hammers, chisels, scrapers and flensing tools. These are all displayed in a small wooden hut maintained by the Ministry of Works, which guards the site, as an Ancient Monument. Here are also the ancient picks, made of fossilised deer antlers, used to prize out the stones from the seam. Some of these antler picks are about 2 ft. long.

The earliest pits, believed to be intermediary between Palæolithic and Neolithic, were dug on the slope of the hillside towards the valley on the north. They were shallow shafts, with steps in the sides, and were widened at the bottom so that as much flint could be scooped out as possible. The stones were carried up and worked near by on so-called "chipping floors." Flints have been discovered on these floors with engravings of animals on them. The most important finds have been taken to the Ipswich Museum.

Further up the hill, to the south, are larger pits, still shallow, which are connected by open shafts. They contain more refined implements. In the course of ages all these shallow pits were filled in, and were no longer visible until excavated.

On the highest ground are the latest pits. Here the vein of flint which makes the best implements—called "floor stone"—runs 30 ft. below the surface. There are vertical shafts to this level, and from the bottom narrow tunnels lead out in all directions following the seam.

Eight thousand years are believed to have elapsed between the first workings at Grimes Graves and these latest 30-ft. pits. It is not known when they were first attributed to the Norse god or devil, Grim, who is commemorated at Grim's Ditch and other earthworks all over the country. There must have been a long pause—some thousands of years—between the primitive and late workings; but the knowledge of the good flint under the sand was not lost.

The late Neolithic men, about 2000 B.C., dug their pits some 10 ft. wide, straight down through the sandy soil to the chalk, and through two upper veins of flint running through it. The first layer of flint at Pit No. 1, which has been under excavation since 1914, is reached 10 ft. from the surface. The early miners went down through this "top-stone" 7 ft. deeper to a second layer a foot thick. This is called "wall-stone," and is still much in request for wall building. It was not, however, what early man wanted for tools; and he went down another 6 ft. to the third layer, a few inches thick. This was the good, black flint called "floor-stone." It lay on what is now the bottom of the pit.

The miners used grease lamps made of hollowed-out chalk. They supported the roofs of the tunnels by leaving blocks of chalk and floor-stone here and there as they went along, widening the gallery round the block. A good example of one of these supports stands between two of the tunnel entrances, like a column between two arches.

It is not yet certain whether one of the tunnels from this Pit 1 led to Pit 15, some 20 yards away. Again the opening is roofed and is entered in the same way by trap-door and ladder. A large glass skylight has been fixed in the roof, and ferns and moss grow on the walls. The top light shows up a large pile of stones and antler picks heaped on the floor, and surrounded by a wire fence against souvenir hunters. This is called the custodian of "the altar." A small figure, called "the goddess," was found on the wall overlooking the heap. This has been removed, but the heap remains exactly as found.

A FLINT-WORKING TOOL OF ANCIENT BRITAIN: A fossilised antler which was found in Grimes Graves. It is believed that this was used thousands of years ago as an excavating tool. The lowest tine, here shown uppermost, is believed to have been used as a pick.

Some 1,500 years after the last miners had left men of the Bronze and Iron Ages lived in the neighbourhood and used flints, which they found there on the ground. But no one went down the mines again until the first was unearthed in 1870. To-day the most indefatigable explorers of the tunnels seem to be airmen from the New World.

RUSSIAN CLIMBERS IN THE CELESTIAL MOUNTAINS

The Conquest of the 22,310-ft. Friendship Peak in the Tien-Shan Range, in Northern China

A year of great mountaineering triumphs was concluded by the announcement of another feat of climbing in an area far removed from the Himalayas. It was in the extensive Central Asian mountain range which borders on Mongolia that a Russian expedition climbed a hitherto unnamed mountain which they state to be about 22,310 ft. in height. This peak lies in the Tien-Shan, the Celestial Mountains, a series of parallel mountain ranges which reach their greatest height in the Muz-Tag range. The mountain which was climbed was afterwards given the name of Friendship Peak, in commemoration of the alliance between Soviet Russia and China.

After a month of preparation the expedition, which was led by V. Nozdryukhin, set out on September 1, 1953. They had to make their way to the base of the mountain on horse, skis, and finally on foot. As they crossed huge glaciers and icefalls on their way to their camp at 17,388 ft., they encountered bad weather and the bitter headwinds from Mongolia. Finally, after seven days, Nozdryukhin and three comrades, E. Nagel, V. Kovalev and P. Karpov, made their successful assault. On the summit they took photographs and left a note recording their feat, before returning to their camp along the south-west slope. Perhaps a new chapter in mountaineering by western climbers can be opened by this successful expedition in Northern China.

THE CONQUERORS OF FRIENDSHIP PEAK: A picture taken by the leader of the Soviet expedition, V. Nozdryukhin, of his three companions after their triumph. They are, from left, E. Nagel, V. Kovalev and P. Karpov.

THREE TINY FIGURES IN THE VAST CELESTIAL MOUNTAINS: Members of the Soviet climbing team making their way past the edge of the glacier at the foot of the Friendship Peak, which they were the first to climb. The summit is 22,310 ft. high, though some of the peaks in the Tien-Shan, or Celestial Mountains, are as high as 26,000 ft. This range lies in Northern China, not far from the Mongolian border.

OVERCOMING DIFFICULT CONDITIONS: Climbers making their way up one of the many steep snow-crests that they encountered on their way to the top. They were also constantly hampered by bad weather.

NEGOTIATING A SNOW CORNICE DURING THE ASCENT: Four members of the expedition on the way to the summit. The great mountain had hitherto been nameless, but in honour of Soviet-Chinese comradeship it was named the Friendship Peak after it had been climbed by the Russians.

SIX BRITISH M.P.s TOUR THE MAU MAU AREAS

The Delegation Will Also Visit West and Central Africa Before Reporting to the Colonial Secretary

Since Parliament was so alarmed at the "scoreboard" methods of incentive used by British regiments fighting Mau Mau, a delegation of six M.P.s has gone to Africa on a fact-finding tour. Mr. Walter Elliot, Conservative Member for Glasgow, Kelvingrove, leads the party. The Conservative members are Mr. C. J. M. Alport (Colchester) and Mr. E. B. Wakefield (West Derbyshire), while the Opposition is represented by Mr. A. Bottomley (Rochester and Chatham), Mr. J. Johnson (Rugby) and Mr. R. W. Williams (Wigan).

After a week in Nairobi, the party visited the Kikuyu country and adjacent areas. In the Fort Hall area they were greeted by a loyalist chief, Ndungu, who said that without a personal visit members could not understand the problem. "Possibly when you live in England," he said, "you are deceived about what is going on here." He blamed the Kenya African Union for the troubles, and said that, even though it is now banned, the Union still influences the Kikuyu. Mr. Elliot replied to him that careful note would be taken of his remarks and that the British public would be informed.

Last week, after seeing the main trouble areas, the delegation split up. Mr. Alport and Mr. Johnson went to tour Central and Northern Nyanza, in the western part of Kenya; Mr. Wakefield and Mr. Williams visited the Masai district in the south. Later Mr. Elliot, Mr. Bottomley and Mr. Williams plan to go to Accra; Mr. Johnson and Mr. Wakefield will go home by way of Salisbury, Blantyre, Entebbe and Cairo. They will report to the Colonial Secretary early next month.

M.P.s MEET A KIKUYU CHIEF: Mr. Edward Wakefield, Conservative Member for West Derbyshire, is seen talking to Chief Samuel Gitu, who was recently awarded the Queen's Medal. The object of the parliamentary delegation is to get first-hand knowledge which will assist the House when matters concerning Kenya are discussed.

A PICNIC IN THE FORT HALL AREA: The delegation stopped for lunch by the wayside during their tour of Mau Mau trouble spots. The Fort Hall area is one of the main centres of Mau Mau resistance, a British officer being killed there only a day or two before the party's arrival.

THE PARTY MEETS AN AFRICAN SCHOOLMASTER AT MUNGARIA GUARD POST: Mr. Walter Elliot (centre) talks to the schoolmaster and, between them, Chief Samuel Gitu. On right are Mr. Johnson and Mr. Williams.

ENTERING GITHUMI POLICE STATION: Mr. Cuthbert Alport, who served in East Africa in the Army for three years during the war, leads the way in, followed by Mr. Elliot. Later the party split up to visit different parts of Africa before they reported back to the Colonial Secretary.

AT MUNGARIA: Mr. James Johnson, a former Corinthian football player, is seen on the right talking over a cup of tea to Chief Fan Mungari. Mr. Johnson later toured Western Kenya with Mr. Alport.

THE BURNS STATUE IN AYR: This monument to Scotland's bard stands in Burns Statue Square, Ayr, centre of the Burns Country.

BURNS'S BIRTHPLACE AT ALLOWAY: It was here, on the stormy night of January 25, 1759, that the poet was born, and for the next seven years the humble thatched cottage was his family's home. It was an inn for many years after his death, until it was bought by the Trustees of the Burns Monument and restored to its original state. The cottage is now the principal Burns shrine.

THE BURNS COUNTRY

On January 25 Falls the Anniversary of the Birth of Scotland's National Poet at Alloway, Ayrshire. For Many Years He Lived and Worked in the Region which is Now One of Scotland's Most Popular Playgrounds

By GEORGE BLAKE

The few square miles of countryside surrounding Ayr, on Scotland's west coast, is the subject of George Blake's article. The area is full of associations with Robert Burns, who lived out most of his exuberant life in what were then its villages and hamlets. Now the motor-coaches from Glasgow bring to Ayr not only Burns sightseers but holiday-makers to Scotland's most popular seaside resort. The rustic countryside which Burns knew, he would know no longer; it has been greatly overgrown by the expansion of the Ayrshire coalfields. His tiny hamlets are in many cases mining villages of terraced houses and prefabs, and between his native village and the sea lies a holiday camp.

IT would be amusing and surprising, but not altogether crazy, if motor-coach operators in Great Britain were obliged by some subtle form of taxation to subscribe to the funds of the Arts Council and to contribute towards the upkeep of poor but promising poets. Not notable for their devotion to literature, these progressive men of affairs seem to do quite nicely out of the organisation of regular tours through the regions invested with romantic interest by mere writing men, most of them long dead in near-poverty. Walk up, walk up! Have a nice run through the Shakespeare Country, the Wordsworth Country, the Hardy Country and, no doubt, the Brontë Country. Stops for tea, beer, meals and what the Americans elegantly call "comfort" are all arranged according to a tight schedule.

In Scotland we suffer from what might be called the Romantic School of bus operation. What American tourist could resist the Trossachs and the Rob Roy Country, or the Scott Country, for that matter? Twice a week in summer there passes my gate a coach cunningly labelled as proceeding towards Loch Ness and, presumably, the chance of beholding a monster at play. Royal Deeside is irresistible, with special coaches running on Sunday mornings to embarrass the people from Balmoral on their way to morning service in Crathie Kirk. In the industrial west of Scotland the sure-fire winner is the tour of the Burns Country.

A vast deal of nonsense is talked about Robert Burns at this time of year by orators charged with the task of proposing his Immortal Memory, listened to by tens of thousands of people who could not safely be trusted to distinguish between the iambic pentameter and the Pentagon. The Burns cult, not wholly confined to Scotsmen, is just one of those things, as they say nowadays, and no amount of ridicule will away with it. Nor is it anything but a waste of time to point out that, so far from being an "unlettered ploughman" or the "lewd peasant of genius" in Henley's savage phrase, Robert Burns was a man quite singularly well-educated in his time and station. This gifted son of a peasant created about himself a legend to which a vast number of people are devoted; and the places in which he lived, suffered, dallied, drank and pondered his poetry are shrines worth visiting with or without the help of the bus operators.

Of this region the capital is Ayr, one of the jolliest of the county towns of Scotland. The poet described it as the town of "honest men and bonnie lasses," a nice little bit of sentimentality about the place his rustic mind would regard as a metropolis. That is what Ayr was in his day: purely the market town of the region, with a harbour much used by the fishing smacks of the Clyde herring fleet and now largely concerned with shipments of coal. It was remote from Glasgow in the eighteenth century; still more so from Edinburgh. It was a provincial capital, and the modern town, as aggressively residential as Hove, still contains many agreeable relics of ancientry and memorials of its place in the pageant of Scottish history.

TOWER OF THE OLD CHURCH OF ST. JOHN, AYR: In 1315 the Parliament of Robert the Bruce met here to settle the succession of the Crown of Scotland on Bruce and his family for ever. Centuries later, in 1652, the church was incorporated by Oliver Cromwell into a mighty fort, of which to-day only the tower and ramparts remain.

There still spans the River Ayr—saved from the "planners" by the efforts of Burns enthusiasts, to be fair—the Auld Brig of the thirteenth century which, quaintly buttressed, fit only for foot passengers and running parallel with the New Bridge, gave the poet the amusing idea of a dialogue between the two. Good old kirks, the relics of a Cromwellian fort, the delightful old town-house of the Earls of Stair, the high Wallace Tower—so much has been preserved, but not always without many a wordy battle on the way. Bang in the middle of the busy High Street there still stands, thatch-roofed and low-browed in its architectural aspect, the Tam o' Shanter Inn, from which the central figure of Burns's brilliant short story in verse started his fearsome ride home in the dark.

The older residential parts of Ayr have many graces, again emphasizing its former status as a regional capital. A singularly distinguished architectural feature is Wellington Square, which would

(Continued on following page)

THE TAM O' SHANTER INN, AYR: Inside is the cosy corner where Tam (Dougal Graham of Shanter) sat before setting out on his hectic ride on his grey mare for the Brig o' Doon, pursued by witches. Running water was then reckoned an effective barrier which witches dared not cross.

THE TWA BRIGS OF AYR IN THE LATE '60's: In the background thirteenth-century Auld Brig. The New Brig (in the foreg Burns's dialogue between the two was rebuilt in 1879 after

THE BURNS COUNTRY

THE WALLACE TOWER, AYR: The tower's claim to fame is rather slender. It was built in 1834 on the site of another tower in which William Wallace, rather doubtfully, was supposed to have been imprisoned.

A VIEW OF THE RIVER AYR, NEAR SORN: Sorn, in the Burns Country, is also only a few miles from home of James Boswell. Boswell and Burns were contemporaries and near neighbours, and it is regrets of Scots literary people that they never met. But perhaps Boswell's social-climbing would have kept him aloof from the "lewd peasant of genius," as W. E. Henley unkindly

(*Continued from previous page*)

grace Bath or old Brighton. Two long terraces of what were once the elegant sandstone houses of country gentlemen and professional persons form a vista most impressively completed by the classical mass of the County Buildings at the seaward end. Unhappily, almost all the old houses have gone the modern way as hotels, boarding-houses or the offices of competitive insurance companies, complete with gilded signs, while the whole aspect of the square as the original architect must have conceived it is befuddled and vulgarised by the lines of parked cars, bumper to bumper, round the railings of the central green.

The internal combustion engine has wrought many a queer change in the Burns Country since the poet died miserably in Dumfries, 50 miles away, but it carries one down the road southwards in just a few minutes to the shrine of shrines—the birthplace at Alloway, once a hamlet but now engulfed by the almost saltatory expansions of modern Ayr. This cottage was a rude thing of clay in the first place, only slightly improved by his own hands by the remarkable man who fathered and so assiduously, in spite of bitter poverty, saw to the proper education of his children, including the wild man of genius born on the stormy night of January 25, 1759. It became thereafter a tolerably miserable little country pub until, after many years, the Burns enthusiasts were moved to buy it by subscription, rebuild and reconstruct it. Many thousands of people now visit it in any year.

Invariably known as Burns's Cottage, it is frankly a museum like the Wordsworth Cottage at Grasmere. Even so, it is well furnished with relics of the great poet who was born a peasant, and it does seem, for those with a feeling for associations, to be haunted by the ghost of a pathetic greatness. Near at hand is the old kirkyard of Alloway, through which Tam o' Shanter raced in his immortal flight, and in which, in fact, the remains of the patient, pathetic father of the poet were buried. Near at hand, again, at a crook of the quietly-flowing Doon (which has a very nice run of sea trout in the season) is the Burns Monument which, set within gardens pleasant enough in themselves, is a ludicrous round Greek temple, elegantly described in the guide-books as "a choragic monument with nine fluted Corinthian columns." And how strange it is that Robert Burns, a "natural" among poets if there ever was one, should have had imposed upon his immortal memory so many ugly and inappropriate expressions of the monumental piety of those Victorian worthies who would have locked their daughters in the coal-cellar if they had seen the handsome, brown-eyed bard coming up the road a mile away!

It is in and about Alloway that the traveller who is not merely an abject idolater may begin to perceive the intrusion into the legend of certain ironies. The old hamlet and "the auld clay biggin'" are now well within the suburban scope of the modern t Bungalows and modern houses of the most sort close in upon it. Between the cott besieging sea stands a modern holiday cam effulgent sort, packed at the height of au with more specimens of nubile femininity Robert Burns, a judge of such matters thought possible at any one time. It was during the Second World War; it is situated on the spine of the Heads of Ayr nobly throw off the surge of the waves fro Firth of Clyde.

A small but edgy problem of literary comes into the picture hereabouts. Burns and brought up, during his childhood at sight and sound of the sea. He must have sailing-ships beating up the Clyde estuary t and both in childhood and early manhoo doubtedly looked across the tumbling Fir majestic peaks of the Island of Arran, the west Scottish sunset behind them. You will

On right—
THE BURNS MONUMENT AT ALLOWAY : The monument, by Thomas Hamilton, was completed in 1823. It was from the revenue brought in by a small admission charge that the Trustees were able to pay the £4,000 demanded by the Incorporation of Shoemakers for the poet's cottage birthplace, which is near the monument. There are other relics of the poet to be seen within the monument.

POOSIE NANSIE'S INN AT MAUCHLINE : This was one of Robert Burns's favourite haunts. Much of his inspiration, and the outlets for his wit and exuberance, were found in the alehouses near his home. But the rustic hamlets of his day have given way mainly to the mining villages of the Ayrshire coalfields.

THE AULD BRIG O' DOON, ALLOWAY : The roofed hut (left) is the one which appears on the left of the picture above. It was to the brig that Tam fled during his fearsome ride.

search the vast body of his poetic output for anything more than an occasional, casual reference to the sea. He just did not see it; nor was he in the least taken by its majesty and mystery.

This helps us to understand both Burns and the nature of the Burns Country. He was a countryman, his eye for the world about him purely microscopic. He saw the uprooted daisy, not the island peaks: the overturned nest of the field-mouse, but not the sails of the ships at sea. And all this came, we may think now, of the fact that the Burns family set up, in the older years of William Burness (as he chose to spell the name) and in Robert's boyhood, as small farmers in the country behind Ayr itself. They were first at Mount Oliphant, then at Lochlea and Mossgiel; the names are still on the map. These to-day are well-tilled farms with solid steadings, but the lands were not much more than "marginal" in Burns's day, and what with lack of capital and perhaps lack of knowledge, the ventures failed one by one, miserably.

These moves, however, provided the poet with his essential background. It is not a dramatic countryside, although it rises to austere heights in the sheep-farming hills on the Ayrshire–Lanarkshire borders, but it has its distinctive, orderly charm. Here were the fields of rustic toil and of dalliance in harvest time. Here are sweet rivers and old woods to inspire a budding poet's muse. The social conditions in the second half of the eighteenth century were still feudal. The gentry ruled from their big mansions within their well-wooded "policies"; the modern farmer with his artificials and subsidies had still to evolve, and for all the remarkable amount of confused culture imposed on them by their father, Robert Burns and his wonderfully loyal brother Gilbert could not escape the status of farm labourers until, at length, the former's genius attracted the attention of the literary nabobs and blue stockings of Edinburgh.

Once again it is too often forgotten that "the ploughman poet" could read French with ease and had mastered the science of land measurement, with a lot of trigonometry thrown in. His letters show that he had well studied the elegant use of English prose. The circumstances were, however, that the man of genius was forced to seek pretty rough company in his young manhood and before the nobility and landed gentry "took him up." His exuberance and wit could find their only ways of escape in the alehouses of the villages nearest his various homes, and it was thus that the otherwise obscure villages of Tarbolton and Mauchline came into the modern picture of the Burns Country. In these rustic communities as they were then—and are not now—Burns found his fun and the material of his satirical verse, forced for a vital period of years to live below his own intellectual level. What a pity he never crossed the path of that ebullient local laird and contemporary, James Boswell of Auchinleck!

The touring motor-coach will faithfully stop at every "shrine," and the driver will duly trot out his painfully acquired patter—at Tarbolton the old building within which Burns founded the Bachelors' Club; at Mauchline the cottage of Poosie Nansie; at Kirkoswald the old home of Soutar Johnnie—the first and the last of these both in the faithful care of the National Trust for Scotland.

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THE BURNS COUNTRY: SOME HAUNTS OF THE POET

THE BACHELORS' CLUB AT TARBOLTON: It was here that Burns founded his famous literary and debating society in 1780. Under threat of demolition it was taken over and restored by the National Trust for Scotland.

SOUTAR JOHNNIE'S HOUSE AT KIRKOSWALD: Soutar Johnnie was another of Burns's cronies and his house was one of his haunts. It, too, has been bought by the National Trust for Scotland.

On left—

BURNS'S HOUSE IN DUMFRIES: For the last five years of his life Burns was an exciseman at Dumfries, later being promoted to port officer. He made himself highly unpopular here with the local lairds because of his boisterous conduct and his Radical opinions, which led him to sympathise with the French at the time of the Revolution. He died in Dumfries on July 21, 1796, disheartened and in great distress.

ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, DUMFRIES: Burns lies buried here. His grave in the churchyard is covered by a domed mausoleum, which contains the remains also of his three sons and his wife, Jean Armour, to whom he was an unusually erratic husband.

BURNS STREET, DUMFRIES: Formerly called Millhole Brae, this is the street in which Burns lived from 1793 until his death. In the High Street are two inns frequented by Burns, with lines cut by him on their windows.

(*Concluded from previous page*)

Now, this is all very well for those who know the Burns legend or even for the merely inveterate doer of the right thing when on holiday. It is fitting to walk in the footsteps of great men and see something of the physical circumstances that gave direction to their expression of genius. One sometimes wonders, however, what a wholly detached traveller would make of the Burns Country. It is passing fair indeed: no more than that; and its interest is mainly in its associations with the poems and deeds of one man. *And it is not nowadays the bit of country Robert Burns knew and sang about.* Resurrected, he would not know it, as Wordsworth would know the Lakes even to-day, or Rupert Brooke the slow convolutions of the Cam.

Burns's little patch of Lowland Scottish countryside was slowly overwhelmed after his death in 1796 by industrial influences he could have only dimly envisaged, even if he had been a man whose mind worked that way. There are no dark, satanic mills in his old part of the world; it remains clean, bright, tidy. But the South Ayrshire coalfield had to be developed. The black trucks of the National Coal Board rush here and there. The backward hamlets the poet knew as a young man are mostly mining villages, made up of orderly standard houses and a lot of prefabs. The raking pylons of the Grid tend to obscure the view of the eastern star from the lea rig.

These were calculable developments, and inevitable. The really fascinating paradox is that the coastline of the Burns Country has been turned within 100 years into a playground for the congested masses of the industrial area of Glasgow and round about.

It started with the development of the railways in the '40's and '50's of last century; it rose to a fever with the coming of the motor-coach after the First World War. The highly respectable and ancient town of Ayr became to Glasgow what Brighton-*cum*-Hove became to London. Bands and concert parties were laid on for the small folk of the industrial areas, while the well-to-do of commercial Clydeside built their effulgent bungalows in the neighbourhood of the race-course and cheerfully commuted. The local ice-hockey team are the Raiders; the local music-hall is, appropriately enough, the Gaiety.

The last paradox is that the coast of Ayrshire has the advantage over that of Sussex in being clothed for mile after mile in lovely, clean sand. The sea in which Burns was so little interested became the lure of tens of thousands pouring out of Glasgow every week-end; mostly plain working folk bent on giving the kids a paddle in the tidal sea and in a climate unusually mild and stable. The sharp point of the paradox is to be seen most clearly at Prestwick, just a mile or two northwards of Ayr.

Here stands an ancient Mercat Cross in continual danger of being knocked over by the teeming trucks and buses of modern traffic. Here also is a truly fantastic proliferation of bungalows. Here are wonderful sands and a huge bathing pool, with frequent parades of beauty queens. Here is a golf-course in the championship class. Above it, more than once in each hour, roar the great passenger planes of the transatlantic services. From Prestwick up to West Kilbride, only twenty miles northwards, there are twenty golf-courses in or near the championship class, all founded on that valuable commodity—clean sea sand.

The foreshore of the Burns Country is the liveliest, most sophisticated and most attractive stretch of pleasure ground in all Scotland. It is always amusing in the modern sense of the word. But what between the pit-bings in the hinterland and the bathing beauties by the water's edge, between the pylons and the myriads of week-end golfers—what the rustic bard would have made of it all, one can only wonder.

THE COMET DISASTER

THE SUBSEQUENT OVERHAUL UNDERTAKEN BY B.O.A.C., AND SALVAGE OPERATIONS NEAR ELBA

THE B.O.A.C. COMET FLEET RECEIVES A COMPLETE OVERHAUL FOLLOWING THE DISASTER OFF ITALY: *Above* and *on right*—Technicians of B.O.A.C. and de Havillands examining one of the Comet air liners at London Airport after the liners had been grounded. Comets belonging to French airlines were also taken out of service. Thirty-five people, including the crew and six child passengers, lost their lives in the crash, the cause of which is not known.

The B.O.A.C. Comet G-ALYP, which crashed into the sea near the Island of Elba twenty minutes after leaving the airport at Rome, was last seen by a fisherman, who said that the aircraft was belching black smoke as it crashed. In the Comet were twenty-nine passengers and the crew of six, all of whom were killed. The last wireless report from the aircraft indicated that it was on its normal course and that all was well. The weather in the vicinity was not regarded by experts to be extraordinary, and although there would be strong winds at the altitude at which the Comet was flying, there was no indication of a severe electrical storm such as that which caused the crash of the Comet near Calcutta last May. Among the passengers in the Comet G-ALYP was Chester Wilmot, the well-known broadcaster and war correspondent.

Italian fishing and naval vessels were soon in the area in which the crash occurred, but after two days' diligent searching only fifteen bodies, some mail bags and a few parts of the aircraft were picked up. Experts from the B.O.A.C., the de Havilland Company and the Ministry of Civil Aviation immediately left for Italy.

In Great Britain, B.O.A.C. announced that it would ground all Comets and call them to London Airport, where they would be given a thorough overhaul before being put back in service. Passengers who had booked to fly in Comets were accommodated in other liners.

***Above* and *on left*—THE ENGINES OF A COMET RECEIVE ATTENTION: The decision to recall all Comets to England for overhaul was taken by the B.O.A.C.**

FISHING BOATS LANDING SALVAGE AND BODIES AT PORTO AZZURRO, NEAR THE SCENE OF THE CRASH: Only fifteen bodies were recovered from the Comet, which sank immediately after hitting the water. The other casualties are thought to be still in the fuselage of the aircraft which lies at approximately 75 fathoms.

A SPECIAL SERVICE IS HELD FOR THE FIFTEEN BODIES RECOVERED: The villagers of Porto Azzurro, in the island of Elba, are seen assembled in their church, where a service was recited for the victims. It was attended by over 700 people.

BOYD TROPHY WINNERS IN ACTION

No. 848 Helicopter Squadron Gains the Fleet Air Arm's Highest Flying Honour for Services in Malaya during 1953

Since No. 848 Helicopter Squadron, the Navy's first operational helicopter unit, became active in Malaya on January 24, 1953, over 10,000 troops have been lifted by the Sikorsky S.55 helicopters and over 220 casualties evacuated. For this great service in the battle against the Malayan terrorists, the squadron has been awarded the Boyd Trophy, a small silver model of a Swordfish aircraft, given annually for the best aviation work in the Royal Navy. During the year the unit, whose helicopters were provided by the United States under the Mutual Defence Assistance Programme, was commanded by Lieut.-Commander Sydney H. Suthers, D.S.C.

An official citation states that the squadron was formed in the United Kingdom at the end of 1952 and sent to Malaya at very short notice. Officers and men had no opportunity of training and flying together before leaving, and even their flying experience of the S.55 helicopters was severely restricted in the short time available. Conditions in Malaya were entirely new to them, and the remarkable results while operating in arduous circumstances could only have been achieved by outstanding effort by aircrews and ground crews. The average serviceability of the helicopters for the first ten months of the year (the latest figures available) has been 79.6 per cent., and the squadron has never had to cancel an operation for the lack of aircraft. They have also developed a system for dropping paratroops, and transported nearly 200,000 lb. of freight.

NO. 848 NAVAL HELICOPTER SQUADRON IN ACTION IN MALAYA: Three of the Squadron's helicopters, each of which carries ten soldiers, en route to a jungle clearing to land troops for an operation against terrorists. This is a typical operation by 848 Squadron, which has just been awarded the Boyd Trophy, the Fleet Air Arm's highest flying honour, for services in Malaya during 1953. The squadron, equipped with Sikorsky S.55 helicopters, operates from the R.A.F. aerodrome at Kuala Lumpur.

OFF TO A MISSION AGAINST TERRORISTS IN THE MALAYAN JUNGLE: *Left*—One of the squadron's helicopters lands to pick up troops from their parade ground to convey them to a jungle clearing for an operational mission. *Right*—A guide directs the landing at a clearing. When the mission was completed the men returned to their base by the same helicopters. Since their arrival in Malaya, at the beginning of 1953, 848 Helicopter Squadron has carried over 10,000 troops and spent more than 3,500 hours in the air. In addition, aircraft have dropped leaflets and carried out valuable low reconnaissance work. Not one machine has been lost.

DOGS ALSO PLAY THEIR PART IN THE ROUNDING-UP OF TERRORISTS. A helicopter recovers a tracker dog which had been assisting troops in the jungle.

On right—

READY FOR ACTION WHEREVER THEY ARE REQUIRED: Troops leaping from a helicopter which has just landed in a jungle clearing. The helicopter has proved most useful in the fight against the terrorists' movements.

The Return of the CUEVAS BALLET

Which is Bringing a Number of New Productions to London During The Current Season

ROSELLA HIGHTOWER IN "DONA INES DE CASTRO": The American-born dancer is now premiere danseuse of the Marquis de Cuevas Company. *Dona Ines de Castro* is one of seven new ballets which will receive their first performance in London during this season.

A NEW PRODUCTION WHICH WILL BE PERFORMED BY THE GRAND BALLET DU MARQUIS DE CUEVAS: A scene from the ballet *Idylle*, which the Company will be performing for the first time in London during their short season at the Stoll Theatre. From left are George Skibine, as the Black Horse, Wladimir Skouratoff (Circus Horse) and Marjorie Tallchief (White Horse).

For the first time for more than two years the Grand Ballet du Marquis de Cuevas can be seen in London. Their three-weeks season at the Stoll Theatre is packed with novelties, though some were seen at last year's Edinburgh Festival. Such established dancers as Rosella Hightower, Marjorie Tallchief, George Skibine and Serge Golovine are heading a company of fifty. But highlights of the season will be the performances of Alicia Markova, who will appear in *Pas de Quatre*, *Dying Swan* and *Giselle*.

TWO OF THE COMPANY'S STARS: Serge Golovine and Kathleen Gorham, who will appear together in *Feux Rouges Feux Vertes*. Golovine, who was born in Monaco, began his career with the Ballet de Monte Carlo.

THE BALLET'S YOUNGEST STAR IN "THE GREY ANGEL": Marjorie Tallchief, with Jean Gruck standing behind her. Miss Tallchief, who was born in America and is of Indian descent, is married to George Skibine, another member of the Company.

NEWS FROM THE SE AND THE SHIPYARD

A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF RECENT EVENTS IN THE SHIPPING INDUSTRY—FROM THE SLIPWAY TO THE BREAKERS' YARDS

GLASGOW LAUNCHING OF A DOLLAR-EARNING CARGO SHIP : The cargo motor-ship *Whakatane* being taken in tow by tugs after her launching from the Glasgow shipyards of Alexander Stephen and Sons. The naming and launching ceremony was performed by Mrs. George Ormiston, whose husband is superintendent engineer of the New Zealand Shipping Company, for whom the vessel was built. The *Whakatane* has a gross tonnage of 8,500, and will be able to maintain a service speed of sixteen knots. She will trade between America and Canada and Australia and New Zealand, and is regarded as a valuable dollar-earning asset. After the launching, Sir Murray Stephen, Chairman of the builders, stated that this was the last ship the firm had on order from New Zealand. His firm had built twelve ships for New Zealand over the past ten years, but now it was becoming increasingly difficult for the owners to find the money to order new vessels at the present vastly increased and constantly fluctuating prices.

THE WORLD'S LARGEST TANKER ARRIVES IN THE THAMES : The 45,000-ton tanker *Tina Onassis* seen at her moorings at Purfleet, Essex, when she called at the Thames with a cargo of oil from the Persian Gulf. At present on loan to a British oil company, the *Tina Onassis* is the largest vessel ever to come up the river, the previous largest being the *Dominion Monarch* of 27,000 tons. Over 750 ft. long, she is named after the wife of the Greek shipowner, Aristotle Socrates Onassis. She was built in Germany, where her construction took fifteen months, and is registered in Liberia, so that she has greater freedom of action. Shortly after her arrival the *Tina Onassis* was the scene of a lavish party.

OPENING OF A HIGHLAND FERRY SERVICE : The British Railways v vessel *Arran* making her first trip between Gourock, Re shire, and Dunoon, in Argyllshire. This ferry service, was inaugurated early in the New Year, shortens a mo journey from Glasgow to Cowal by an hour and a half. T vessel, which was launched last September, is the first o general-purpose ships which will operate for the Clyde services of British Railways. The *Arran* is able to carry cars and 450 passengers, besides livestock and the

CARS LANDING FROM THE "ARRAN" : Driving off at Du on arrival in the motor-ferry from Gourock. One features of the *Arran* is the electrically-operated lif ships, which enables motor-cars and lorries to be loa landed at all stages of the tide. Covered accommod provided for fourteen cars, and even a bus can be

LOOKING ALONG THE DECK OF THE 45,000-TON "TINA ON This view from the bridge of the ship, showing the and cat-walk, gives an idea of the size of the giant The bridge is situated almost amidships, with the funnel

HE RENOVATION OF THE "KRONPRINS FREDERIK" AT THE ELSINORE SHIPYARDS, COPENHAGEN: Men at work in the Danish passenger ship's second-class dining saloon, which is now undergoing extensive repairs following the disastrous fire at Harwich in April last year. About 1,000 workmen are working fast to get her ready for the summer season, and it is estimated that the ship will be ready to sail again at the beginning of May. The fire in the 3,895-ton mailboat first broke out when the vessel's cargo of butter, cheese and fish was in process of being unloaded. Fire brigades were called from all parts of Essex to fight the blaze, but by five o'clock the next morning the scarred ship had slipped into the water of the River Stour. A substitute vessel was immediately put into service on the Harwich-Esbjerg route, but another ship, the *Parkeston*, had to join forces in order to cope with the summer traffic.

THE "KRONPRINS FREDERIK" IN DRY-DOCK, WHERE SHE IS UNDERGOING EXTENSIVE REPAIRS: She was towed back to Denmark after being raised at Parkeston Quay, Harwich, where she capsized last April. The task of salvaging was undertaken by the Liverpool and Glasgow Salvage Association.

E END OF A FAMOUS "OLD LADY" OF THE THAMES ESTUARY: *Left* and *right*—Work in progress on the demolition of the old paddle-driven Thames pleasure steamer, *Royal Eagle*, which is now lying in a breakers' yard at Grays, Essex. This popular old ship of the General Steam Navigation Company was commissioned in 1932. From that time until the war she was one of the most popular vessels on the run from London to the Kent and Essex coasts. During the evacuation of Dunkirk she brought thousands of troops home—although never designed for work far from the coast—and then went into further war service as a "flak" boat on the Thames. But after the war motor-ships marked the end of her epoch and she became too expensive to run. She was laid up just over three years ago and has now reached the ultimate end of ships that have served their purpose—the breakers' yard.

E SUCCESSFUL FIGHT TO SAVE THE 5,576-TON GREEK TANKER "LEROS": The stricken vessel being assisted by a Hamburg tanker as she made port after going aground on the Scharhorn Reef, in the mouth of the River Elbe. Eight sea-tugs operating from both Hamburg and Cuxhaven took part in the rescue.

AGROUND IN THE ELBE ESTUARY: The stricken *Leros* as she awaited the assistance of tugs and high water when lying on a sandbank in shallow water off the German North Sea coast. The ship was badly battered and repairs had to be made before a rescue could be effected. Even then much depended on the state of the weather, for it was feared that new gales would develop and hinder the work of the tugs from Hamburg and Cuxhaven. There was also a possibility that the ship would break in half if left on the sandbank. Throughout the ordeal only the seventy-year-old Captain Nicos Papageorgic and five members of the crew were on board, twenty-four other crew members having been taken off by rescue boats. While waiting for the rescue the captain said that the ship was good, and that he was confident that she would be saved. The tanker *Leros* was carrying a cargo of Russian oil.

FROM LONDO
AND THE PROVINCES
A PICTORIAL SUR OF RECENT EVE AT HOME

On left—

THE PASSING-OUT PARADE AT EATO OFFICER CADET SCHOOL, CHESTE : N. C. E. Kendrick inspecting th drawn up on the square clos nineteenth-century hall. He i panied by newly-commissione Lieutenant J. K. Quick, of the Regiment, who was the Senio Officer. Eaton Hall is one of Officer Cadet schools in the which in sixteen weeks train Servicemen to become Army

THE RESTORATION OF A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY TOMB AT ST. DUNSTAN'S CHURCH, CHEAM, SURREY: Craftsmen seen at work restoring the alabaster tomb of the 7th Lord Lumley and his family, the cost of which is being borne by the parish, the Historic Churches Preservation Trust and the Pilgrim Trust. The craftsmen are following the original coloured designs and sketches of the tomb, lent by the Earl of Scarbrough. In addition to the figures of Lord Lumley's wives and children there are nineteen shields, a coat-of-arms, and tablets which formerly adorned the walls.

FINALISTS FOR THE PRESIDENT'S PUTTER: Lord Morton, President of the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing Society (holding the trophy), seen with G. Huddy (left), of Selwyn College, and G. J. Agate, of Jesus College, after the match at Rye, Sussex. The winner was G. Huddy.

GERMAN AIRMEN PREPARE FOR THE ESTABLISHMENT OF A CIVIL AIR LINE IN THE FEDERAL REPUBLIC: Herbert Topp, of Berlin, one of four German airmen undergoing in this country, seen at the controls of a Chipmunk, with Wing-Commander H. A. C in the rear cockpit. The airmen, together with three ground instructors, are receiving the Air Service School at Hamble, near Southampton, prior to the formation of a civil Germany. After three months' training they will go to the United States for further

CONJURING UP THOUGHTS OF HOLIDAYS AT PADDINGTON STATION: The interior of the of the camping coach which was displayed by British Railways (Western Region) earlier Rail camping-coach holidays have proved so popular that five additional vehicles throughout the region are being made available for the coming season, which starts The coaches, let on weekly or fortnightly tenancies, provide accommodation for

CEREMONY WHICH ACCORDING TO ANCIENT CUSTOM MARKS THE START OF THE FARMER'S YEAR : The scene outside St. Helen's Church, Bishopsgate, London, as farm workers from Springfield, Dorset, in traditional costume, performed the Plough Dance. The ceremony formed part of the celebrations for Plough Sunday, which in former days marked the resumption of the countryman's labours after the Christmas holidays.

A LONDON MEETING OF EVANGELICAL CLERGY : Bishops and priests who attended the 120th Islington Clerical Conference at Church House, Westminster, join in singing the hymn at the opening of the meeting. From left are the Assistant Bishop of Rochester, the Bishop of Barking, the Bishop of Worcester, the Chairman the Vicar of Islington (the Rev. M. A. P. Wood), the Bishop of Chelmsford, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, and the Principal of Ridley Hall (the Rev. C. W. J. Bowles).

IE ENGLISH FOLK DANCE AND SONG SOCIETY FESTIVAL AT THE ROYAL ALBERT HALL : One of the many traditional dances performed before a large audience during the two-day London festival. Probably the most outstanding feature was "The May Tree" by Michael Bell, a folk ballet for 100 dancers, whose costumes included red and green skirts and waistcoats.

BACK TO SCHOOL : A "school special" pulls out of Paddington Station and for many children—and their parents—the Christmas holidays are over. The girls seen in this picture are bound for Cheltenham Ladies' College.

E BUGANDA DELEGATION WHO CAME TO LONDON SEEKING THE RETURN OF THE DEPOSED KABAKA : In the centre of the group is Matayo Mugwanya, the leader of the delegation and one of the three members of the Regency Council formed to fulfil the functions of the Kabaka. The others seen in the picture are, from left : A. K. Kironde, T. A. K. Makumbi, A. K. Sempa and E. M. K. Mulira. The delegation represented the Buganda Parliament and Government, and came to this country to campaign for "the vindication of the honour of our beloved Kabaka and to seek his restoration as the lawful occupant of the Buganda Throne." Last week an announcement by the delegation suggested that the Queen's visit to Buganda should be postponed until such time as the Baganda could demonstrate with traditional warmth their rejoicing at the Royal visit.

THE OPENING OF THE LARGEST OIL DOCK IN GREAT BRITAIN : The Port of Manchester's new dock at Eastham, which has four berths, each capable of accommodating a tanker of 30,000 tons and over. The arrangement for the opening ceremony last Tuesday was for the 28,000-ton *Velletia* to move forward from the lock to the dock, breaking the ribbon upon entry. At the same time a salute was to be fired by the Royal Artillery, and two squadrons of R.A.F. Meteor jets were to fly over the dock. This ceremony was to be followed by the pipe band of the Liverpool Scottish marching round the perimeter of the dock. Among those who arranged to attend were Sir Leslie Roberts, Chairman of the Manchester Ship Canal Company, the Lord Mayor of Manchester, and Mr. F. J. Stephens, Managing Director, Shell Petroleum Co., Ltd., and Anglo-Saxon Petroleum Co., Ltd.

THE RISE OF A WAR-DAMAGED CITY CHURCH

St. Stephen's, Walbrook, Situated Behind the Mansion House, is Almost Ready for its Service of Thanksgiving After Restoration

CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST PULPITS IN THE CITY OF LONDON: Designed by John Newman in the seventeenth century, it stands in the partly restored Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, the rehallowing of which is expected to take place in February. St. Stephen's, said to be one of the finest examples of architectural design in the country, was severely damaged by fire during an air raid in 1941. The new Rector of the restored church is the Rev. E. C. Varah.

THE SCENE FROM THE STEPS INSIDE ST. STEPHEN'S, WALBROOK: Looking out of the main doorway showing the view across the temporary car park, with the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral rising in the background. This view will soon vanish, as a new building is scheduled for construction in front of the church.

THE NEWLY RESTORED CHURCH OF ST. STEPHEN, WALBROOK: The present church replaces an earlier structure destroyed during the Great Fire of 1666.

Under the bold and imaginative plans for the reorganisation of the City of London churches, the Church of St. Stephen, Walbrook, has been designated to become one of the new fifteen parish churches of the City. Like several of the other fourteen, St. Stephen's was badly damaged during the air raids on London and was closed for public worship. The restoration of St. Stephen's has, however, been under way for some time, and the work is now nearing completion. It is hoped that the church will be ready for normal services some time within the next few weeks.

One of the most remarkable features about the rebuilding has been the construction of the new dome. This has been built with oak from 200-year-old trees in Hertfordshire and restored to Sir Christopher Wren's design, as it is thought that he experimented with the dome of St. Stephen's prior to the erection of St. Paul's Cathedral. Before destruction, Wren's dome towered to a height of 63 ft., while the diameter at the base was 45 ft. There are still many monuments to be seen at St. Stephen's. Notable among those which adorned the church prior to 1941 was the memorial of John Lilbourn, a seventeenth-century citizen and grocer of London, a reminder that from the earliest days the church's life has been linked with that of the Grocers' Company.

THE NEW DOME WHICH HAS BEEN CONSTRUCTED ACCORDING TO SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN'S ORIGINAL DESIGN: During the rebuilding, work was carried on beneath a corrugated-iron roof. It is said that Wren used the dome at St. Stephen's as an experiment before going ahead with his plans for St. Paul's Cathedral.

A LONDON-BOUND AIRLINER CRASHES NEAR ROME : A smoking crater, twisted lumps of metal, and sad remnants of torn clothing mark the spot where a Philippine Air Lines Douglas DC-6 crashed, killing all on board. Among the victims was a fourteen-year-old Sherborne schoolboy, returning from his Christmas holidays in Manila.

In the Wake of the Comet

Near Rome, a Second Air Tragedy took its Toll of All on Board

Hard on the Comet disaster came the crash near Rome of a Philippine Air Lines Douglas DC-6. The plane, circling to land at Ciampino Airport, on the ancient Appian Way, was suddenly noticed to have one engine smoking and to be losing height. It crashed near a block of flats on to a field which is usually full of playing children, but was then deserted because of a rainstorm. As it crashed it exploded violently ; wreckage and the remains of its sixteen occupants were blown over a wide area. Though firemen and first-aid parties arrived quickly on the scene, it was impossible for them to do anything.

Among the victims was a fourteen-year-old British schoolboy, Michael Hosgood, who was returning to Sherborne School after spending the Christmas holidays with his parents in Manila. The plane was piloted by an American, Captain Ivor Broome, and there were three other Americans on board.

The plane's last stop had been Beirut, where the Comet also had called. Though the cause of the accident will not be known until the Italian authorities have held their inquiry into the crash, there were suspicions, as there were with the Comet, that the plane had been sabotaged, possibly at Beirut.

SEARCHING THE WRECKAGE : A fireman rakes through some of the debris. The plane exploded violently on crashing, scattering wreckage and the remains of passengers over a radius of 200 yards. The plane was circling to land at Rome Airport.

THE LARGEST SINGLE FRAGMENT : The plane exploded in a field normally full of children at play. Heavy rain, which caused it to fly low, had also driven all the children indoors. The plane was bound from Manila to London.

NEW YORK GETS SNOWED UNDER

Thousands of Men Had to be Put to Work to Clear the Streets of the City's Heaviest Snowfall for Five Years

SNOW JAMS THE TRAFFIC ON SECOND AVENUE: New York's first real snowfall this winter was the heaviest for five years: 10 ins. of snow disrupted the city's traffic and caused many accidents.

NEW YORKERS TRAMP TO WORK: Disentangling the city from its blanket of snow was a major operation: more than 13,000 men, using 1,400 ploughs, 300 snow removal machines, and many salt-spreaders, managed to open routes on the main roads. The city's fire brigade was on twenty-four-hour duty—helping to clear hydrants, watching for fire outbreaks, and shifting some of the abandoned cars which threatened to block fire-fighting operations. In the first two days of the snowfall, twenty-one people lost their lives through accidents in the metropolitan area.

On left—

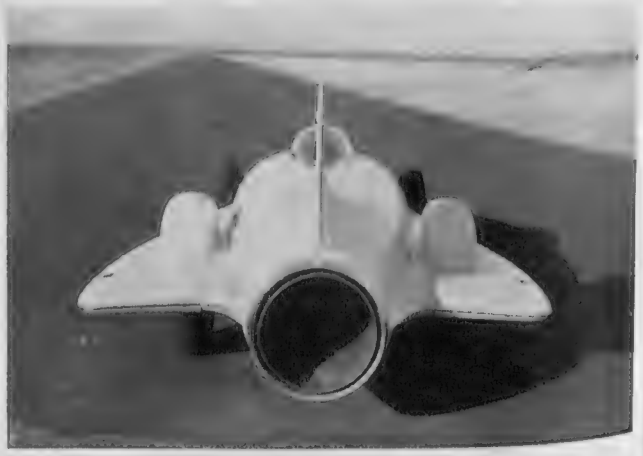
THE GREAT WHITE WAY: A view of Times Square, where Broadway, New York's theatre centre, and Seventh Avenue intersect. Normally thronged with people, the snow drove them off the streets.

AMERICA'S FIRST GAS-TURBINE CAR

GENERAL MOTORS' EXPERIMENTAL GAS-TURBINE CAR: The XP-21 Firebird skims over a test track at Phœnix, Arizona. The first gas-turbine car in the United States, it has an aircraft-style body, built of a fibre glass reinforced plastic, with swept-back delta wings and a tail fin for directional stability. It has been built purely for practical tests of the gas turbine's suitability for road vehicles.

Harlow H. Curtice, President of General Motors, last week announced his firm's experimental gas-turbine car, the XP-21 Firebird, the first to be built in the United States. He explained that it was not the car of to-morrow, but "a laboratory on wheels" to help General Motors' engineers explore the commercial possibilities of the gas turbine and to add to their knowledge of thermo-dynamics. The body of the car, made of a plastic, is styled on similar lines to the Skyray, the U.S. Navy's experimental plane. The engine is in two parts: a gasifier section and a power section. The gasifier section is a source of compressed hot gas, and resembles a complete small jet engine; this gas, instead of firing through a tailcone to propel the car, is funnelled through a power turbine which, through a transmission, drives the rear wheels. The engine unit, which weighs only 775 lb., develops 370 h.p. But the greatest problem facing the engineers is fuel consumption which, in the Firebird, is several times greater than that of a piston-engined car. The fuel tank, which takes 35 gallons of kerosene, is situated in the nose of the car.

THE JET CAR "TAKES OFF": Driver Mauri Rose signals his crew to pull away the chocks. *Below*—A REAR VIEW OF THE FIREBIRD. On the trailing edge of the wings are brake-flaps.



EROSION ON THE EAST SCOTTISH COAST

THE DAMAGED CONCRETE EMBANKMENT AT MONTROSE, ANGUS, WHICH IS CAUSING CONCERN : The Town Council have decided to consult the Coast Erosion Board for their expert advice, as the damage to the esplanade is considerable. The strong gales at the end of last year caused further considerable damage in addition to the erosion, and, as these pictures show, large sections of the wall have completely crashed. During heavy seas, sand is washed on to the roadway above the embankment, thus causing further trouble. The seaport of Montrose stands on a peninsula where the South Esk enters the North Sea.

MORE POWER FOR THE HIGHLANDS

Hydro-electric Development on Tayside, where the Waters of the Lochs are Being Harnessed for Power

THE RISE OF THE FINLARIG POWER STATION, NEAR KILLIN, ON THE SHORE OF LOCH TAY : This will form part of the new Lawers scheme, which also is associated with the Breadalbane scheme, Killin being the centre for the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board's operations. The Lawers scheme will provide about 80,000,000 units of electricity yearly and the Breadalbane scheme 304,000,000 units.

LOOKING SOUTH DOWN LOCHAN NA LAIRIGE TOWARDS THE GANTRY OF THE LAWERS DAM : On left is an old track road between Glen Lyon and Glen Dochart, which has been surfaced by the Hydro-Electric Board to take the heavy traffic. The Lawers power scheme will use the water on Ben Lawers and adjacent peaks.

PREPARING A DAM FOR THE LAWERS SCHEME OF THE NORTH OF SCOTLAND HYDRO-ELECTRIC BOARD'S PROGRAMME FOR BRINGING POWER TO THE HIGHLANDS : Excavations being made for the foundations of a dam near Killin, Perthshire. The concrete will be put into position by the cranes travelling on the steel gantry.

Already in Perthshire, where the North of Scotland Hydro-Electric Board are pushing ahead with their power projects, over 19,000 consumers, representing 62,000 people, have the benefit of electricity, with another 12,000 consumers in the city of Perth. This power comes from the hydro-electric stations situated at several points, namely, Rannoch, Tummel, Clunie, Pitlochry and Gaur, which, in the near future, will be joined by the stations now rising in connection with two additional schemes. On Tayside, where preparations are going ahead for the Lawers scheme, water on Ben Lawers and other peaks will be collected at elevations from 1,720 to 1,850 ft. above sea-level and stored with the help of a dam, at Lochan na Lairige, on the high pass between Loch Tay and Glen Lyon. It will then be piped down to the power station on the shore of Loch Tay, near Finlarig. The centre of the operations is at Killin, which also serves as the base for the Breadalbane scheme. There are three sections in this latter scheme, Killin, Luib and St. Fillans, the power being generated from the headwaters and tributaries of the Rivers Lyon, Lochay, Dochart, Lednock and Almond, the Monachyle Burn and Loch Earn, a catchment area of 186 sq. miles. There will be a total of seven power stations with an installed capacity of about 88,500 kilowatts, and six dams.

The Sphere of Travel

A EUROPEAN HOLIDAY

Visiting the Countries of Northern Europe: the First of Two Articles

By GORDON COOPER

THIS year it is expected that well over a million Britons—a record number—will be going abroad for their holidays. The majority will be "package travellers," which is not true travel at all, for the word "travel" in itself implies labour, and it would seem that the scientific elimination of toil from the traveller's lot has deprived travel itself of its most exquisite essence and charm. After all, merely writing out a cheque, thus ensuring that everything will be laid on for you from the time you leave home until your return, may be trouble-saving, but it is hardly the best way to get to know a foreign land and its people, more especially as you are constantly in the company of your own compatriots. On such a holiday there is, indeed, hardly any need to speak anything but English, but at the same time you miss so many joys, not least being deprived of the thrill which comes from having to do much of your own planning.

In this and the following article I propose, therefore, to offer some attractive suggestions for travel holidays, some of them taking you off the ordinary beaten track. I must leave the details of how to carry out any chosen excursion to your own initiative. A good travel agent can always tell you how to get there and back, while the country's official tourist information office in London can invariably provide suitable brochures, etc., and also answer any queries. I give their addresses at the end of each section.

FINLAND.—Most countries have a holiday attraction peculiar to, and most popular in, them. In Finland this attraction lies in one or other of the lake tours which are available. For this country has 60,000 lakes, many of which are not completely land-locked, but form part of a labyrinth-like structure of inland waterways. Along these routes you can travel on fast and comfortable lake boats, while there are many delightful lakeside resorts, furnished with modern hotels, at which you can break your journey at will. The Finnish State Railways offer a variety of circular tours which are reasonable in cost. You benefit, too, by the special "Tourist" rate of exchange: 940 Finnish marks for the pound sterling. For detailed information, write to the Finnish Tourist Association, Mikonkatu 15, Helsinki, Finland.

NORWAY.—As a change from the fjord country, I suggest you try Norway's south coast—the stretch which runs north-east from Kristiansand. This port can be reached by the very pleasant steamers of the Fred Olsen Line, which run from Newcastle. On this coast there is a number of charming little resorts, such as Kragerø, Risør, Tvedestrand, Fevik (with a first-class hotel), Mandal and Lillesand. I especially favour Lillesand, for it is a joy to the eye, with its fine wooden houses painted a dazzling white. It has a nice hotel, the Norge, and the little town is almost surrounded by a maze of channels and small islands. It was to these places that the old-time sailing-ship masters retired when the time came for them to retire. From Kristiansand you can also easily reach the Setesdal, the finest costume valley in Norway, but still little-known to tourists. Bykle is my favourite centre, while Valle and Bygland are two other good centres. The scenery in this part of the country is wild and beautiful, the fishing first-class, and the cooking as good as one will find in all Norway. (Norwegian State Railways Travel Bureau, 21, Cockspur Street, S.W.1.)

SWEDEN.—For those who want to capture the real atmosphere of Sweden, its magnificence of lake, river and forest, its traditional customs and its excellent fare, it is hard to beat the provinces of Värmland and Dalecarlia. A stay in a resort of one or even both these provinces involves no lengthy rail journeys, for Karlstad (Värmland) is linked with both Oslo and Göteborg, while there is also a direct line between Karlstad and Dalecarlia, where the three resorts I would recommend are Rättvik, Mora and Leksand. Karlstad, a charming town, lies on the wooded shores of the large lake of Vanern. Rättvik, More and Leksand all lie beside Lake Siljan, which is surrounded by pine-covered hills and ridges. If you chance to be there on mid-summer's night (June 23–24), you will see the natives dancing all the night around the Maypole, and dressed in their national costumes, which are also worn on Sundays. The four places I have named are perfect centres for excursions through glorious countryside. (Swedish Travel Bureau, 21, Coventry Street, W.1.)

DENMARK.—When I think of Denmark it is primarily of its warm-hearted people, who are unrivalled in Europe for their hospitality to strangers in their midst. It is this personal touch which makes any holiday in the world's oldest kingdom so delightful. Last year in THE SPHERE I recommended the island of Bornholm, and I do so again. During a recent visit there I liked especially Sandvig (Strandhotellet) and Gudhjem (Jantzens Hotel). Another pleasant seaside resort, on Zeeland, is the old fishing village of Hornbæk (Hotel Hornbækhus), which lies not far from Elsinore. The beach is excellent, and during August the waters offer some of the best tunny fishing in Europe. Then, at Elsinore, there is the annual summer production of *Hamlet* in the great yard of Kronborg Castle. Each year a distinguished foreign company performs the play in the original setting chosen by Shakespeare. Copenhagen is within easy reach, and three or four days can be spent there most entertainingly and at reasonable cost. It is, however, essential to book accommodation in the Danish capital well in advance, for there is rather a shortage of hotel rooms. (Danish Travel Association, 71, Piccadilly, W.1.)

THE BEAUTY OF THE SOUTH COAST OF NORWAY: This is a view of the Strand Hotel at Fevik, taken from the top of a neighbouring hill. The south coast of Norway, says Mr. Cooper, has many charming small resorts, which offer a pleasant contrast from the fjords.

HOLLAND.—Zeeland always strikes me as being the most typical province of the Netherlands, if only because its inhabitants are dauntless in their courage, for twice in the last ten years they have seen their lands laid under floods. Their provincial motto, in fact, *Luctor et Emergo* (I struggle and emerge) could not be bettered. But this man-made part of the country has some remarkable little towns which are rarely visited. Quite off the beaten track, for instance, are Zierikzee and Brouwershaven, on the island of Schouwen-en-Duiveland. I regard the former as being a special gem, for there hardly anything has been changed since the seventeenth century, when it was then an important place and the Dutch were at the height of their fame. Its crowning glory is its fifteenth-century church tower, while there is also a delightful Town Hall and some old gates. Brouwershaven is also rich in Dutch architecture, including a lovely Renaissance Town Hall, with an elaborate step-gabled front. (Netherlands National Tourist Office, 221, Kensington High Street, W.8.)

A PEACEFUL VISTA ON THE ISLAND OF THOLEN, IN HOLLAND: Although much of this part of the Netherlands was inundated in the floods last year, there is little trace of the disaster left. There are many delightful little towns in this area.

BELGIUM.—No country in Europe offers a wider range of interesting and curious traditional events than Belgium. The spirit of pageantry lies deep in the hearts of the people, and a study of their "Calendar of Events" can be most rewarding for the holiday planner. Not a summer's day goes by without some town offering its annual procession. These include the deeply religious Procession of Penitents at Furnes in July, the "marriage" of "Gouyasse," a popular legendary giant, in Ath on August 4, and the Play of St. Evermeire at Russon, an occasion when local girls dressed as angels are to be seen strolling through the small village. Bachelors might possibly be interested in the marriage carnival festivities at Ecausses-Lalaing on Whit-Monday, when the unmarried girls hold a banquet to which only single men are invited. There is no false modesty over their intention: they want husbands. But any intending guest must be properly dressed in bridegroom's costume—evening dress, with white tie. The white tie is essential. On arrival you will be received by the burgomaster, and you will see many placards exhibited with the motto, "*Pour vivre heureux mariez vous.*" (Belgian Tourist Office 167, Regent Street, W.1.)

LUXEMBOURG.—Capital of a tiny country, Luxembourg has been described as having "the poise of Gibraltar, the bridges and spires of Bruges, the flowered beauty of Paris, the historic charm of Brussels and the mystery of a temple city of the Orient." This delightful city, too, makes a perfect centre for excursions into its surrounding countryside, which is rich in leisurely appeal—a panorama of mountain and valley, plain and forest, river and woodland on every side, while there are also many turreted old castles and quaint villages. For anyone who is reasonably active, a walking-tour is the ideal way by which to experience the peaceful joys of this happy land, where everyone seems to be contented. You can get full particulars of suggested walks, which take you along excellently sign-posted paths, from the Luxembourg National Tourist Office, 159, Abbey House, Victoria Street, S.W.1.

GERMANY.—There is quite a number of holiday-makers who do not want to climb mountains, bathe from crowded beaches, cover a country by motor, or indulge in sightseeing activities. In fact, what they prefer to do is to lodge comfortably in some pleasant place where there is a variety of congenial entertainment. For such people I can think of nothing more attractive than to make a stay in one or other of the German spas, which are about the finest in Europe to-day. Outstanding are Baden-Baden and Wiesbaden. Here you find the best of everything: hotels, shops, parks, sports of all kinds, theatrical and musical events, and gambling facilities. These two places are also excellent centres from which to make interesting excursions into the surrounding countryside. Incidentally, in the Landesmuseum at Wiesbaden you can see exhibited some of the finest art treasures which were removed from Berlin, including the famous bust of Queen Nefertiti. Other leading spas which I have visited recently and can recommend are Nauheim, Homburg, Reichenhall (near Berchtesgaden), Badenweiler and Wildbad (both in the Black Forest), Wildungen (Hesse) and Aachen. It is worth mentioning, too, that the only golf courses in Germany are those at its spas. Then, of course, you can always drink at their fountains of health and thus return home a healthier and happier person. (German Tourist Information Bureau, 6, Vigo Street, W.1.)

FRANCE.—Of all the French rivers the Seine is the only one on which it is possible to engage in a cruising holiday; and it is also the most interesting, not least because it takes you through the heart of Paris. An attractive itinerary has been arranged by Yacht Holidays Limited (85, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1), who offer a fifteen-day summer cruise starting from Les Andelys and taking you leisurely up-stream as far as Sens, which was a place of outstanding importance in the days of the Roman occupation and in the Middle Ages. It has a glorious Gothic cathedral (twelfth century) which is far too little known. This pleasant town has also particular interest for Anglo-Saxons, for it was a Senonais architect who was responsible for the rebuilding of Canterbury Cathedral after it had been ruined by fire in 1175. But there are so many places along the Seine Valley where you can discover ancient abbeys, celebrated parish churches, formidable military castles, including the Castle Gaillard at le Petit Andely, which is one of the finest examples of medieval fortification to be seen in Europe. Then, on this cruise, three days are spent in Paris, the yacht being moored at Gare d'Orsay, so that you can use it as a home. I have personal knowledge of this firm's arrangements and I am satisfied that this particular tour is one that I can recommend.

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CUNARD'S NEW FLEET

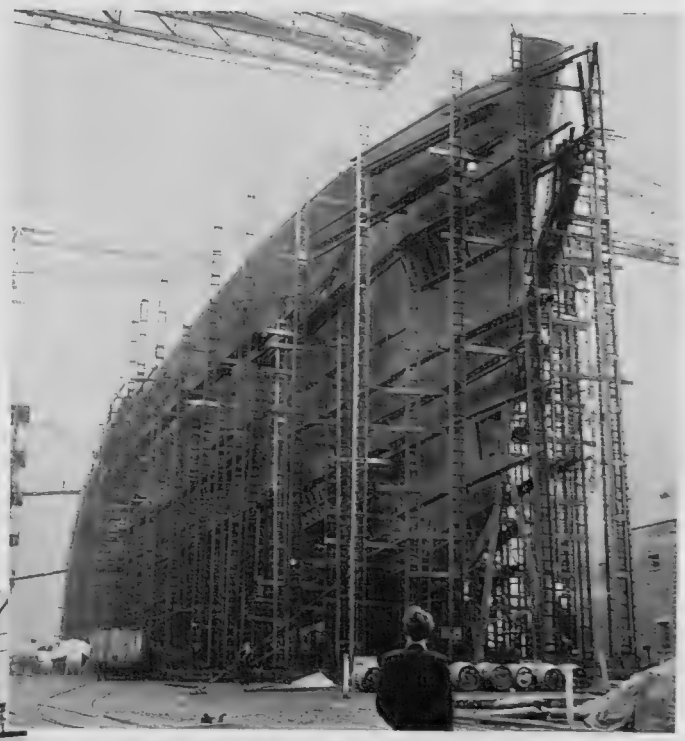
Lady Churchill Next Month Launches the First of Three New Ships Specially Built for the Montreal Run

At John Brown and Company's famous shipyard at Clydebank, Lady Churchill next month launches the first of three new passenger ships, the *Saxonia*, that Cunard will use on the run to Montreal. The Canadian Prime Minister's wife, Mrs. St. Laurent, will launch the second, the *Ivernia*, at the end of this year. The *Saxonia*, which makes her maiden voyage in the late summer, and her sister-ships are being specially built to go up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, instead of ending the Canadian run at Quebec; they are built of slightly shallower draught than most transatlantic ships and their masts are lower, so that they can pass under the Quebec bridges. At present only one of Cunard's four ships on the Canadian service, the *Ascania*, can go to Montreal; the others, *Franconia*, *Somalia* and *Scythia*, all turn round at Quebec. As all four ships are around thirty years old, they will be withdrawn as the new ones come into service. The *Saxonia* will carry approximately 920 passengers; there will be first-class accommodation for 100 of them.

THE BOW OF A NEW CUNARDER IN JOHN BROWN'S YARD AT CLYDEBANK: The new 22,000-ton passenger ship *Saxonia* is being got ready for her launching next month by Lady Churchill. She is the first of three vessels which are being specially built to go up the St. Lawrence River to Montreal, instead of ending the Canadian run at Quebec; the three ships will be the largest that Cunard have ever built for the Montreal service. The keel of the *Saxonia*'s sister-ship, the *Ivernia*, has already been laid on an adjoining slipway. The *Ivernia* will be launched by Mrs. St. Laurent, wife of Canada's Prime Minister, at the end of the year.

On left—

THE STERN OF THE "SAXONIA": In the foreground are the chains which will be used as brakes at her launching. In all, 480 tons of chain will check her slide down the slipway.



A FISH'S-EYE VIEW OF "SAXONIA": The ship is 608 ft. in overall length, with a beam of 80 ft. A third ship of this class is to be laid down later. The total cost of the three will be about £15,000,000. *Below*—A stern view of the ship.

BUILDING THE DECK: When the *Saxonia* is finished she will have nine decks and will include many new features of passenger-liner construction. One of these is a cinema, taking up three decks, which will be the first in any Cunarder to have a balcony. The *Saxonia* will make her maiden voyage to Canada in the late summer or early autumn. Her cruising speed will be about 20 knots.

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

THE PRIME OF LIFE

John Brophy's New Novel Heads this Week's Selection of Books, Most of Which are Works of Fiction

THERE must be something in the climate of North-Western England that affects its writers in a peculiar way, indelibly and permanently, and it is a style which, although sometimes seen in the works of their Midland *confrères*, has somehow not spread east to Yorkshire. It is as definite as the flavour of saffron in Mediterranean cooking, or as a Scottish habit of speech. It is the chatty manner, the button-holing of the reader the better to interest him in characters, the thought processes translated into the colloquial, in fact this sort of thing :

> " That was no lady, that was another man's wife.
> The woman, no longer a lady, tempted me.
> The woman must have been tempted first.
> By whom ?
> By me !
> I tempted the woman to tempt me.
> If so, I was unaware, and therefore doubly innocent ! "

This passage is from Mr. John Brophy's new novel, THE PRIME OF LIFE (Collins. 12s. 6d.), and if it is typical of the literary manner, it is also fair to say that where the story is expressed in terms of action it is very readable indeed, and where it concerns the technical details of its hero's career—he is the middle-aged and extremely competent editor of a weekly magazine—quite absorbing.

A BED OF ROSES (Hogarth Press. 12s. 6d.) is concerned with two subjects : the physical love between men and women, and a journey through Spain, the latter described with a kind of vivid tenderness which few contemporary writers can achieve with such grace and apparent spontaneity as Mr. William Sansom. As far as the personal relationships went, however, I did not think the understanding as profound or, certainly, the effect as convincing. This is not due to the fact that the principal character is a wholly odious young man, though indeed he is, and therefore the focus of sympathy must be very difficult to keep clear, but because whenever there is a question of him, or either of two girls, or another man, giving practical expression to their infatuations, they immediately become lay figures.

The only conviction the reader has, is that that is exactly how Mr. Sansom wants them to behave ; not that people, even of his creation, really would behave like that in the same circumstances. All slightly frustrating where there is so much that is admirable in the descriptive prose, in the vignettes of other characters—some of these are inspired—or in the faultless delicacy of touch where anything but this aspect of love is concerned.

SILKY (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is the delicate, pretty, romantic and slightly childish title of a novel that is all those things and fanciful besides, but which yet adds up to being wistfully haunting. Miss Elizabeth Coatsworth has written about an old American country house (*circa* 1830) which the current possessor and heir is unable to keep up in its former state of grandeur. Living in the little rooms at the back of the mansion with his wife and children, anticipating the birth of another, and thoroughly discouraged by the state of his land, as well as his finances, Cephas Hewes is as near to giving up his hold on life and hope as a man may be, when a little creature appears, like a present-day Pandora, to change his viewpoint, to enchant the children, to see his wife through a difficult child-birth, and to vanish without trace or footprint. A romance or, as the author calls it, " an incredible tale," but quite enchanting, and illustrated, in the right mood, by Mr. John Carroll.

Of the five novels with which Mr. James Barke has celebrated the childhood, the life, the loves, the poetry and the death of Robert Burns, THE WELL OF THE SILENT HARP (Collins. 12s. 6d.) is the last and for many reasons the most moving. For Burns died comparatively young—he was thirty-seven—and it must seem to everyone who has loved his creative spirit that he died with many songs yet unsung. This series, which from the beginning has had all the true marks of a labour of love upon it, should do much to keep the flame of Burns' worship burning steadily.

In Scotland, too, but hundreds of years before the dawn of Robert Burns' day, lived one Janet Kennedy, one of those women who seem to find no place in the society of their own day or the history of a later one. FLAMING JANET (Chatto and Windus. 12s. 6d.) was, as one may suppose, a redhead, and she also appears to have been quite unpredictable, self-willed, ambitious and what is lightly called a handful. She had a husband, she had lovers, and, rarer still, she had lasting influence over them all, and over those friends whose relations with her have never been exactly clarified. In this first novel, Miss Pamela Hill is cordially to be congratulated on having handled so robust a subject with assurance and with a very attractive bravura.

AN UNCONVENTIONAL METHOD OF COLLECTING MAIL FROM AN ISLAND IN THE TONGA GROUP : This exhibit from the International Stamp Exhibition, which was held at the Central Hall, Westminster, last week, shows the envelope of a letter that was delivered by the Tin Can Canoe Mail, from the Island of Niuafoou. As the island then had no harbour facilities the mail was thrown into the sea inside tin-can containers, which were collected by natives in canoes, and then taken to the ship.

" Great men are meteors," said Napoleon, " consuming themselves to light the world," and under that heading Mr. Lion Feuchtwanger, who more than thirty years ago gave us *Jew Suss*, has written a novel about Jean-Jacques Rousseau, his philosophy, his doctrines that were, in his time, so alive with the seeds of revolution, and the sometimes ridiculous shifts of his private life. 'TIS FOLLY TO BE WISE (Hutchinson. 15s.) would, I felt, have been a better book if the author had made up his mind firmly and chosen the narrative, the romantic or the ironic manner, but, as it is, he swings between all three and is not particularly helped by the often colloquial style of his translator. It is possible to learn about Rousseau, and about the beginnings of the French Revolution, from this long, discursive novel, but Mr. Feuchtwanger is not the ideal preceptor on the subject.

Mr. Don Tracy's novel, CRIMSON IS THE EASTERN SHORE (Constable. 13s. 6d.), deals with the history of a few decades later, and particularly with the war of 1812 between the United States and Great Britain. The setting for the most part is the coast of Maryland, and the cast of characters a lively body of men (courageous or dastardly) and women (spirited and loyal) with wonderfully improbable names like Gracellen and Jett and Task, of whom the author scarcely needed to say that they were fictional.

DARKEN THE MOON (Blackwood. 10s. 6d.) is described as a mystery of the Devon moors, and its period is about the end of the Napoleonic Wars. Its author, Miss Frances B. Clark, would seem to have been influenced by the later du Maurier school of romantic writing, but her novel is none the worse for that, and, indeed, has a genuine freshness and a breath of the real Devon countryside, which now, as presumably then, has its odd pockets as well as its windswept hillsides.

Two war novels next, which will, and should, continue to be produced just whenever authors are ripe to write them. First, Mr. Jon Cleary's THE CLIMATE OF COURAGE (Collins. 12s. 6d.) about the ordinary fighting men of the Eastern campaigns, in this case returning to their native Australia, to civilian life, and to the cities and the people who might or might not have an understanding of what they had been through. This is tough stuff and I thought pretty good. Even for someone who hasn't visited Australia yet in flesh and in fact, this is a story which will by-pass the introductory phase

Commander Ewart Brookes writes about mine-sweeping off the German-held French coast during the war, in PROUD WATERS (Jarrolds. 10s. 6d.), and makes an exciting thing of it, which was perhaps not so difficult, considering the subject and its implications, and an absolutely authentic piece of work, which, as all craftsmen will recognise, is far harder. An admirable story of more than admirable men.

Short-story writers are represented this week, first by Miss Attia Hosain, an Indian lady who now lives and works over here, and whose PHŒNIX FLED (Chatto and Windus. 10s. 6d.) contains twelve tales of her native country. These are simple pieces, but not obvious either in their presentation or their conclusions. Indeed, Miss Hosain writes with imagination and with a kind of gentle strength of mind which make her work very engaging, and memorable, too.

TALES TO BE TOLD IN THE DARK (Faber. 15s.) carry their own description in the title. There are a baker's dozen of these, and they have been collected and edited by Mr. Basil Davenport from the work of such authors as John Collier, Arthur Machen, Lafcadio Hearn, Lord Dunsany and the incomparable Saki. Altogether, not a collection for the squeamish or nervous, but for the stout-hearted connoisseur.

WHILE THE ANGELS SING (Robert Hale. 10s. 6d.) is a volume containing two short novels by Gladys Hasty Carroll, an American writer of considerable popularity in her own country. Each of them is on an imaginative Christmas theme translated into terms of the everyday over there, and they are both highly readable.

If we are to be granted an age of freedom from war in the Western world it may be that, without unduly sacrificing our standards of living, we shall be able to turn our eyes towards the East and get done some of those things that are crying out to be done in a world where we must now make war on mass diseases, hunger, ignorance, misery and poverty ; where children and grown-ups still strive for a food pittance in the jute-fields and the flooded rice-fields, and millions suffer from that most terrible of tropical afflictions, the yaws. In MAN AGAINST THE JUNGLE (George Allen and Unwin. 15s.) Ritchie Calder recounts his experiences during a United Nations mission to seven backward countries of the Far East, ranging from Afghanistan to Java. He describes the efforts which have been made by Governments and peoples to break the vicious circle of poverty, malnutrition and disease, but these efforts he clearly shows represent only a tithe of what needs to be done. We see scientists in Orissa pollinating rice plants to produce the proper hybrids, their purpose being to secure double the present production of rice in tropical Asia. By their action they may remove the shadow of famine from the East. We see tractors tearing up the jungle of the Himalayan *terai* where the mosquito has ruled for a thousand years and the land is now being broken into rich fertile fields, the area at last rid of malaria, thanks to the work of the international teams. We see men and women working together for human betterment, a pattern of internationalism dominated by the spirit of service and not the spirit of self-interest ; in fact, we see the United Nations in action. This is a grand story, the story of a journey into hope, it might be called, or better, perhaps, a survey of mankind's battlefields of the future ; for at the moment only the vanguards of the armies are upon the field.

BATTLEFIELDS OF THE FUTURE

The Struggle to Fight Poverty and Ignorance in Asia

No actor, either on stage or screen, has done such interesting and varied work as Alec Guinness has done since he first took to the stage in 1934 with a non-speaking part as a junior counsel in *Libel*. His parts have been widely and wildly varied, reaching a climax in the film *Kind Hearts and Coronets*, in which he appeared as no fewer than ten members of the ill-fated d'Ascoyne family. Kenneth Tynan, one of our most forceful dramatic critics, who has actually appeared on the stage with Guinness, describes in his illustrated study of ALEC GUINNESS (Rockliff. 12s. 6d.) the development of the actor through the past twenty years of work for the theatre and the cinema, and there are over seventy photographs to remind us of the big and little parts which Guinness has played. Mr. Tynan, in summing-up his " faceless hero, impassive as an almond," attempts to show how his obsequious magic gets its results, not by noise and declamation, but almost by spells. He shows him, above all, as an earnest, painstaking worker concentrating on the interior, and not the exterior, of the character he is playing. His territory is the man within, and because of this, says Mr. Tynan, his true *métier* will always be eccentrics—men reserved and shut off from the rest of us and comically or tragically obsessed.

Antony Were is a journalist who wanted to find out all about international smuggling. He made some good contacts, and in following the trail to which those contacts led, he certainly had a rare old time, going from London to Paris, and so to the Riviera, involving himself in a strange berserk romance with a woman tobacco smuggler (ex-Resistance, of course) and discovering just how the money changers of Cannes went about their business catering for the Francless British tourists. SMUGGLERS' PARADISE (Secker and Warburg. 10s. 6d.) is written as a personal narrative, with just the names of people, and some of the place-names, switched around for security reasons The style is florid, and the pace is fast.

Neville Duke, one of the great exponents of supersonic flight, truly a man of the Jet Age, has written his autobiography under the title of TEST PILOT (Allan Wingate. 12s. 6d.). Despite all the dangers and the thrills of his calling, Duke shows that this is very much a job for the man with a capacity for taking infinite pains, a job involving a mass of detail and demanding the assistance of a full-time secretary.

LIFE AMONG THE SAVAGES (Michael Joseph. 10s. 6d.) is an admirable piece of family comedy by Shirley Jackson. It has had a conspicuous success in America, and is very much in the same vein as the " Life With the Lyons " radio series and the Judge Hardy film series of happy memory. For reading aloud in the family circle this is an obvious choice.

Baedeker's Guide-Books are coming into their own again. The latest edition is SOUTHERN BAVARIA (George Allen and Unwin. 21s.). Handbooks on Cologne and the Rhineland, and Berlin are already in preparation.

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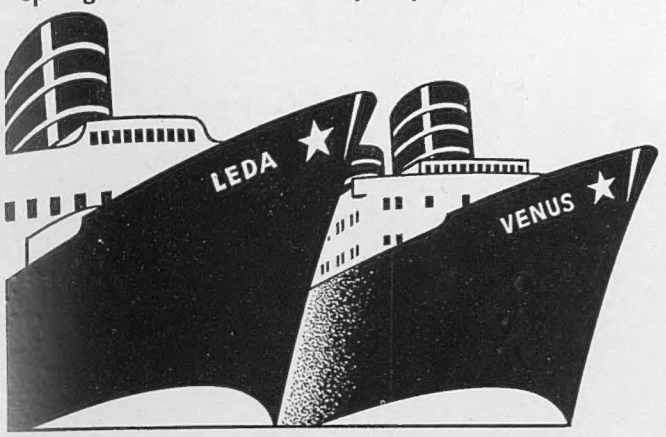

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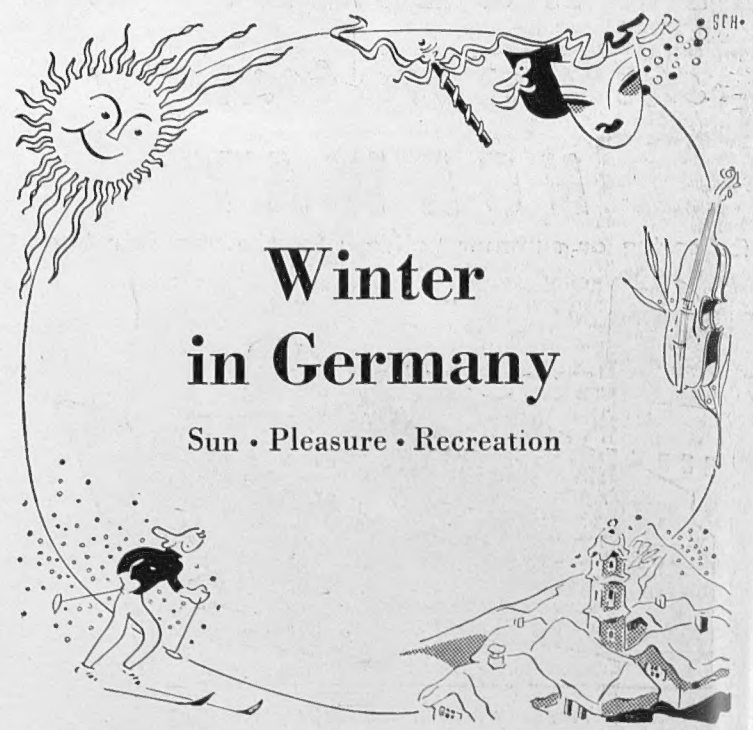

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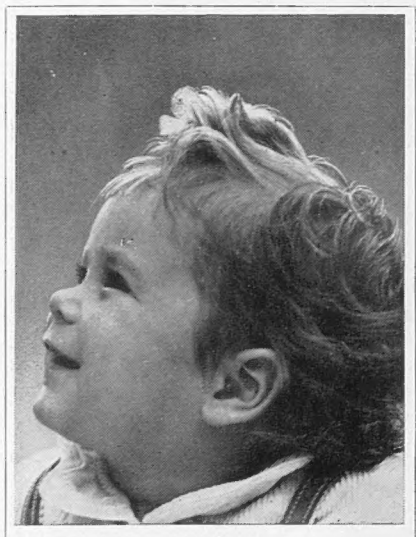

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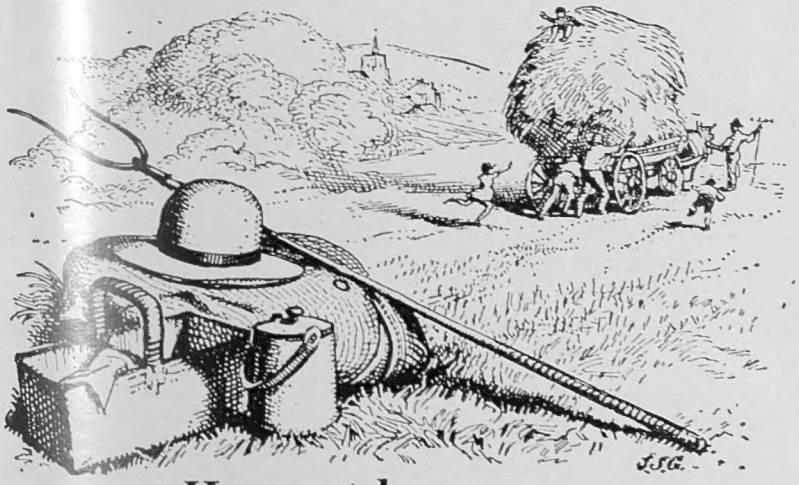

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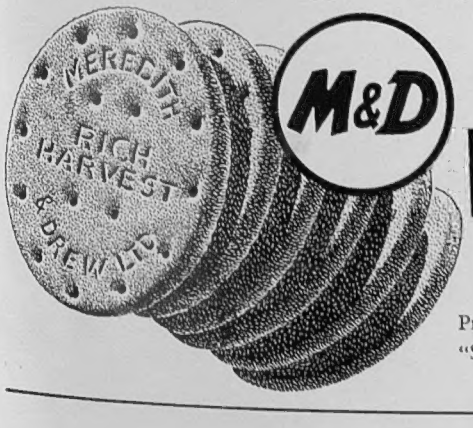

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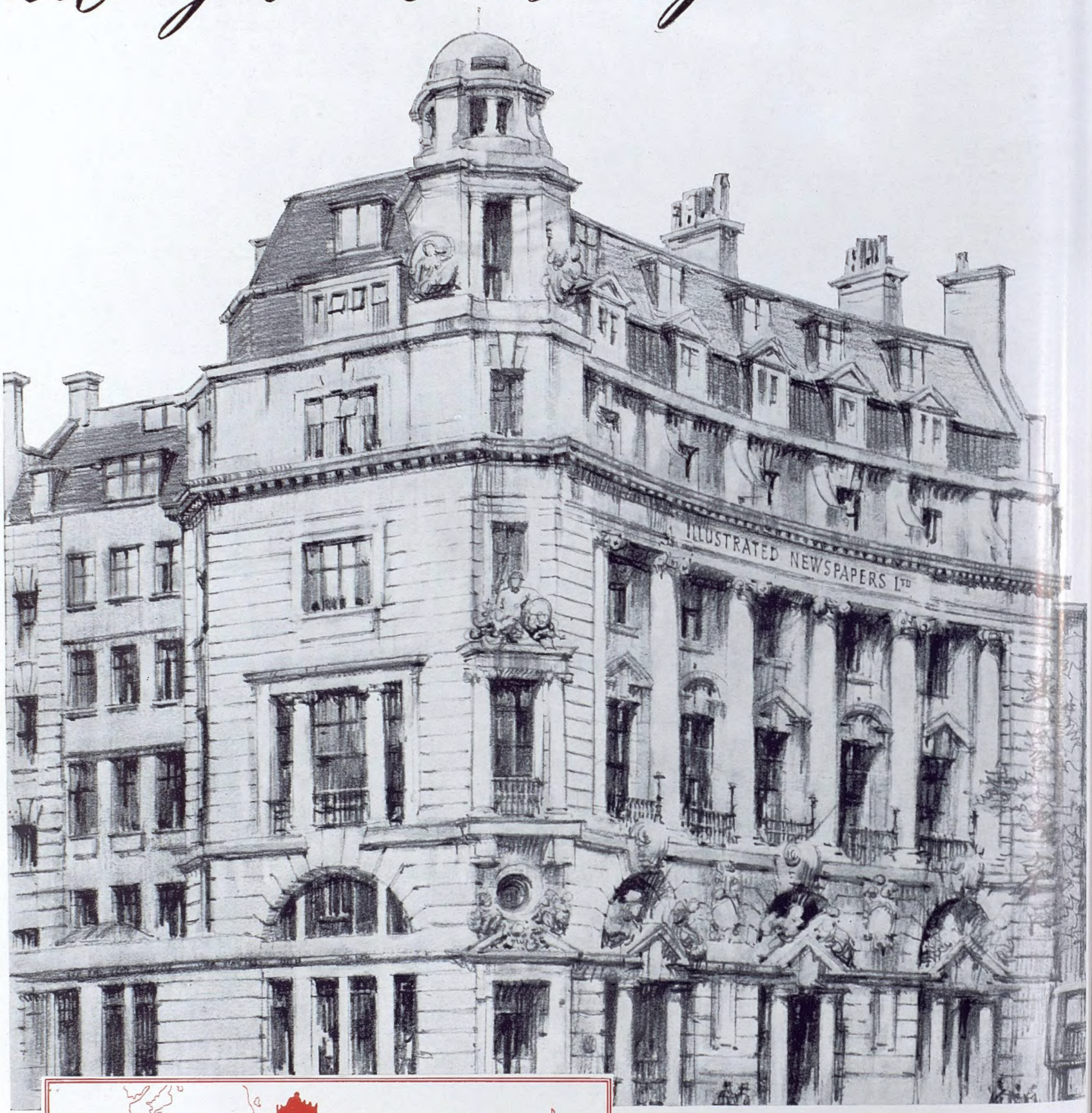

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